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King Edward.

Dom Carlos.



KING EDWARD'S VISIT TO LISBON: HIS MAJESTY AND THE KING OF PORTUGAL LANDING FROM THE STATE BARGE AT BLACK HORSE SQUARE, APRIL 2.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT LISBON.

An hour and a half after the "Victoria and Albert" had dropped anchor in the Tagus, Dom Carlos brought his Imperial guest ashore in the ancient Portuguese State Barge, manned by eighty rowers. Their Majesties, who both wore Admiral's uniform, at once proceeded to a pavilion erected in the Square for the official reception.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

After his prowess in a recent broil, I am glad to find Mr. Henry Arthur Jones writing cheerfully in the *Nineteenth Century* about "large and wise sanity," "a keen and clear view of men and women," and "a clean and healthy delight in the savour of humankind." These perfectly harmless phrases signify Mr. Jones's ideal of the drama. When he deals with critics there is more from the same tap. Your critic should be "a person of taste, a competent student of art and literature, a sane and virile Englishman," and a sympathetic soul. On one side of the footlights let sanity be large and wise, and on the other let it be virile and English, and the drama will bloom like a garden of content. No; there are two other conditions. Let the public acquire the habit of reading plays, as the French do; and let our actors be trained so that the conceptions of the dramatist may lose nothing in the interpretation. Not all these suggestions are as practical as Mr. Jones imagines. The public will not read plays, even in Mr. Carnegie's free libraries. For some inscrutable reason, Mudie's subscribers refuse to be inoculated with the foreign taste for the printed drama. French sanity must be larger and wiser than ours, for "Cyrano de Bergerac" and "L'Aiglon," as Mr. Jones remarks with indignant emphasis, are sold by the hundred thousand. Even that does not rouse us from our inexplicable and disgusting apathy towards the published works of our contemporary playwrights.

The situation is made more complex by Mr. Jones's lament that the drama, after an acute fit of "ardent morbidity," has lapsed into "soppy sentimentality." From this it is to be rescued by the better training of actors. Apparently we are debarred from the "clean and healthy delight in the savour of humankind" by their inability to express it. Dramatists with "a keen and clear view of men and women" have that view obscured by the technical inefficiency of the players. If I know anything of actors, they will dispute this vehemently. They will say that no strong and original piece of work on the London stage has missed its mark in the acting. Mr. Jones's point is that the actor contributes half the equipment that makes the fortune of a play; and he seems quite confident that the author's half would be above reproach if the players could co-operate properly in the task of lifting us out of our present welter of soppy sentimentalism. It is dangerous for the mere critic to have an opinion on such a combustible issue; but I venture to entreat the author to make a mighty effort. Let him put into a drama all that "savour of humankind" that we ought to delight in. "First catch your actor" is not a sufficient plea for delaying the toothsome dish. Until this be forthcoming all these phrases about the large and wise sanity, the keen and clear, the clean and healthy, the sane and virile, are very poor nutriment. After all, Mr. Jones's concern with the drama is not to write "about it and about," but to do it.

Not less melancholy than our drama to Mr. Jones is our fiction to Mr. Thomas Hardy. "Paralysed," he calls it, paralysed years ago by critics who made a "dead set" at its most promising development. We all remember the "dead set"; it ran full tilt at "Jude the Obscure," a very powerful book, but not the happiest, it seems to me, of Mr. Hardy's novels. Since this encounter he has taken little interest in fiction, English or American. This is a remarkable statement. A writer of Mr. Hardy's genius leaves off writing novels and even reading them, because he has come into conflict with the "obstinate egoisms" of the Press! This enables every reviewer who wrote ill things of "Jude the Obscure" to go about chuckling, "Ha! I silenced Hardy." We know that the *Quarterly*, "so savage and slaughterly," did not kill Keats; but here is Mr. Hardy's confession that a gust of dislike to one of his books blew out the torch he had carried with so much honour in the van of English letters. When a "dead set" was made at Mr. Howells, he wrote a little treatise called "Criticism and Fiction," which made his critics still more irate. To this day he maintains his opinions (deplorable, some of them) with an egoism which is obstinate but wholesome, and a lively interest in his contemporaries.

I find Mr. Percy Fitzgerald complaining in the *Gentleman's Magazine* that the modern scenery in Shakspeare gives him no illusion. He objects, for instance, to Juliet's balcony, which is "only a few feet above Romeo's head." Most true; but how many feet does Mr. Fitzgerald want? It is but respectful to Juliet to assume that she had a room on the first floor. Does Mr. Fitzgerald think she was lodged in the attic like a serving-maid? Her balcony was so near the ground that she could carry on a conversation with Romeo without any risk of being overheard even by the Nurse. Mr. Fitzgerald must be thinking of the attic, for he remarks, "In real life no one could witness an interview between anyone on a balcony and a person

on the ground. If he were near enough to hear what was going on, he would have to be close under it, while Juliet would be aloft near the flies." As nobody overhears Juliet and Romeo, Mr. Fitzgerald's point is obscure. If he will look at the balconies in any Italian city, he will find plenty of them most convenient for a private confabulation of this kind, though it may be admitted that in real life two young people would not exchange their rhapsodies at that hour of the night, and at such a risk to one of them, with the elocutionary fervour required on the stage. But how much real life does Mr. Fitzgerald hanker after?

No balcony, says he, is specified by Shakspeare; only a window. Juliet "appears at a window." "How infinitely more dramatic," cries Mr. Fitzgerald; "and what infinitely better facilities for pose and graceful gestures, withdrawals and reappearances, does this offer!" And how completely does this show that Mr. Fitzgerald does not know what illusion means! Let him ask any Juliet whether she would rather appear "at a window" or on the balcony. I can see her scornful amazement! Perhaps Mr. Fitzgerald is dreaming of Juliet's figure as it would look if she had to hang out of the attic window like an enraptured nursemaid who spies the policeman. This may be romantic illusion for him, and real life to boot; but no Juliet I have ever known would tolerate the suggestion. Mr. Fitzgerald severely reminds Mr. Tree that the stage direction for the grounds of the Countess Olivia's house in "Twelfth Night" is "a garden," not "a magnificent plaisance." Olivia and Malvolio seemed "lost and swallowed up" in it. Did they? That was not my impression. I never saw any scenery yet in which competent players were lost and swallowed up; but if you have a mind which carefully computes the time and labour of scene-painters and carpenters when the curtain goes up, no kind of stage gardening is likely to content you.

But Mr. Fitzgerald's views have such a haunting originality that it is difficult to get away from them. He rivals Mr. Mallock, who has discovered that the porcupine in Sir Philip Sidney's family arms is the "hanging hog" of Bacon. Mr. Fitzgerald says that Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Aguecheek were "gentlemen who were merely 'elevated,'" not "beastly drunk," as in Mr. Tree's "Twelfth Night." "This is proved by the sensible way in which they planned their trick on Malvolio." But I have always supposed that it was not Sir Toby and Sir Andrew who conceived that famous device, but Maria, the waiting-maid, and that Sir Toby married her to show his appreciation of her superior wit. Drunk or "elevated," he had no head for that sort of fooling. But Mr. Fitzgerald makes one suspect Shakspeare of exaggerating his toppers. Take Bardolph. You never catch him drinking, and yet he has that flaming nose on which Falstaff delivers his temperance lecture. Will Mr. Fitzgerald kindly point out that Sir John's metaphors are not to be taken literally? "I never see thy face but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath should be, 'By this fire, that's God's angel'; but thou art altogether given over; and wert, indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness." Is not this the very rhapsody of calumny? "Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern; but the sack that thou has drunk me would have bought me lights as good cheap at the dearest chandler's in Europe." I begin to suspect that Bardolph was a total abstainer.

A correspondent lately invited me to cite any case in which mariners had poured oil on troubled waters, and I referred him to a recent voyage of the *Germanic*. The daily papers had a circumstantial account of a tremendous storm in which that vessel laboured heavily for two days, the sailors throwing oil over the ship's sides to quell the threatening billows. It seemed a straightforward narrative. But now an "Old Salt" writes to me: "I was on the *Germanic* during her so-called stormy voyage several weeks ago. Not a drop of oil was used by way of soothing troubled waters; but the doctor in his surgery was never without cases requiring that poetical treatment." "Here's a go!" as Tolstoy's Russian peasants say at an emotional crisis. Are we to give up all faith in our daily papers? Are we to be like the cynic who was asked whether he took in a certain morning journal, and answered, "No, Sir, I do not take it in, and I do not allow it to take me in"? Is it possible that the doctor in the surgery prescribed cod-liver oil to patients who secretly threw it overboard, whereupon the waves, recognising its ancient and fishlike qualities, reduced their uproarious behaviour to a gentle symphony of "Should auld acquaintance be forgot"? I am eager to find some explanation that will save the credit of the daily papers. Perhaps the *Times* will make this the subject of an essay in the "competition," in which it offers as a prize a scholarship at Oxford or Cambridge.

PARLIAMENT.

On the evening of April 6 Mr. Gerald Balfour introduced the Port of London Bill. The ten minutes rule was applied, limiting the speeches to two of ten minutes each. The Bill, as Mr. Balfour pointed out, has been based on the report of a Royal Commission. That report recommended that the Port should be controlled by one authority. It made certain proposals as to the acquisition of the Docks. The report has not been followed in all particulars. The new authority, as set forth by Mr. Gerald Balfour, will consist of forty members. Of these, eight will be drawn from the London County Council, two from the City Corporation; the Admiralty, the Board of Trade, Trinity House, and the Railway Companies' Association will each send one; payers of dues on goods will be represented by ten members; payers of dues on ships by ten members also; the wharfingers will have four representatives, and the owners of river-craft two. Mr. Balfour trusted that the House would be pleased to leave further explanation until members should have the text of the Bill in their hands. Mr. Sydney Buxton welcomed the action of the Government, and considered that the Bill improved upon the proposals of the Royal Commission. He hoped that the House would insist that the London County Council should be fairly represented, for they were to undertake the finance, and were yet allowed only one-fifth of the representation. He would acquiesce in the omission of Trinity House provided that this would not lead to a continuance of the recent confusion arising from having separate authorities on the Thames. He inquired whether the Bill was to be sent to a Grand Committee, and Mr. Gerald Balfour stated that it would be a joint Committee of both Houses.

MUSIC.

At the London Ballad Concert on April 4, Madame Clara Butt introduced a new setting of Kingsley's "Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorraine." The music, which is by Hermann Löhr, was given an appropriately dramatic treatment by the singer. The audience demanded an encore, to which Madame Butt replied with Dr. Elgar's "Land of Hope and Glory." The other artists who contributed to an excellent performance were Misses Evangeline Florence, Alice Motterway, Alice Holländer, Gertrude Peppercorn, Messrs. Plunket Greene, Gordon Cleather, John Harrison, and the Novello Davies part-singers. The final Ballad Concert of the season will be given on the afternoon of April 25. At this performance also, Madame Clara Butt will be heard.

Miss Tora Hwass gave a really excellent performance at the Steinway Hall on Saturday, April 4. The concert took the form of a piano recital, and Miss Hwass gave proof of considerable talent, pleasing refinement of style, and phrasing. She plays very easily and unaffectedly, and only one item of the programme, the "Rhapsodie Hongroise" No. 10, was beyond her powers. She was satisfying in the Toccata in D major of Bach and in the Sonata, Op. 109, of Beethoven, but at her best in Chopin. She chose as selections from his works his Fantaisie, Op. 49, his Sonata in B flat minor, his Berceuse, and his Impromptu in G flat major. She also played delightfully a difficult nocturne written for the left hand only, and an impromptu of Sinding.

The "Dream of Gerontius" of Dr. Elgar is to be heard, for the first time in London, at the Westminster Cathedral. As the building is not yet consecrated this is possible, and it will be an excellent opportunity of further testing its acoustic properties; for echoes, it is feared, still abound. The Amsterdam Orchestra has been engaged. The chorus is to be drawn from Yorkshire, and Gerontius is to be sung by Dr. Ludwig Wüllner. The oratorio will, it is hoped, be sung in its entirety.

The musical world practically ceases to exist so far as concerts are concerned in Holy Week and Easter week, with the exception of a sacred afternoon concert at the Crystal Palace, and evening ones at the St. James's Hall and the Queen's Hall; while "The Messiah," as is usual, is given in the evening at the Albert Hall.

The Kruse Quartet has filled up its numbers again in appointing Mr. Percy Such as violoncellist in the place of Mr. Herbert Walenn, who has had to resign owing to his stress of work. Mr. Percy Such has had considerable experience in chamber-music, and is a pupil of Professor Robert Hausmann. He has played often with the Joachim Quartet when an extra violoncellist has been required.

British music is to be encouraged in a national festival of our native composers at the Queen's Hall next year. The festival is to last three days and have six concerts. Mr. Henry Wood will conduct, the Sheffield choir will sing, and the Queen's Hall orchestra will be the executants. Dr. Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius" will be given the place of honour.

Very few melodramas of the kind now being presented nightly on the boards at the Adelphi have attracted as much royal patronage as has fallen to the lot of "The Worst Woman in London." His Majesty King Edward has seen the performance, and the Prince of Wales has followed his example. The story does not greatly depart from the ordinary lines: all ranks of society mingle genially, and there is an unflinching play of incident, while the thrilling situations are relieved by passages of the broadest farce. The exciting fire-scene and rescue with which the drama closes is a capital piece of Adelphi stage-management.

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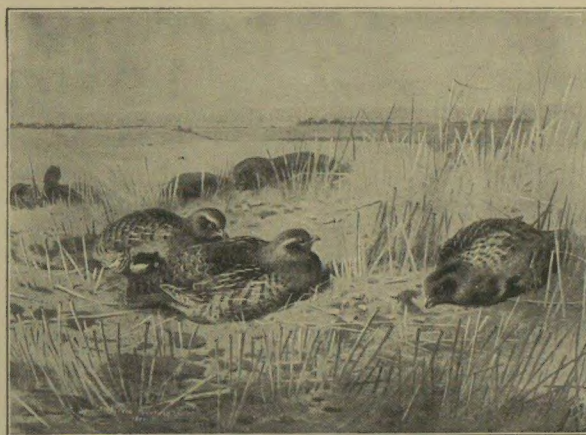
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Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £1 9s. 3d.
Six Months, 14s.; Christmas Half-year, 15s. 3d.
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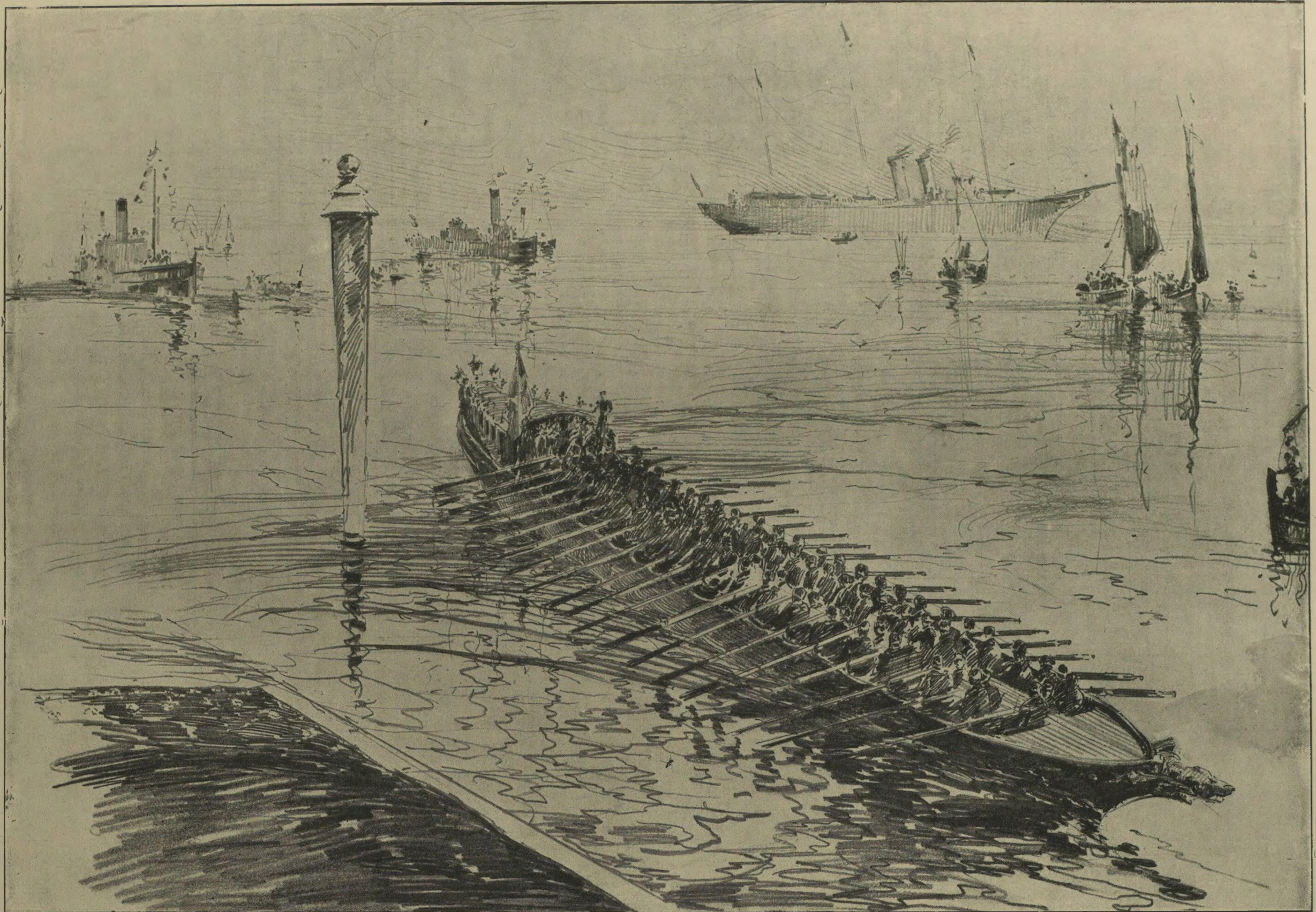
ABROAD.

Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £1 16s. 4d.
Six Months, 17s. 4d.; Christmas Half-year, 19s.
Three Months, 8s. 8d.; Christmas Quarter, 10s. 4d.

THE VISIT OF KING EDWARD VII. TO LISBON: THE STATE LANDING ON APRIL 2.

FROM SKETCHES BY ALLAN STEWART, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT LISBON.

Victoria and Albert.



THE ANCIENT PORTUGUESE ROYAL BARGE, WITH EIGHTY ROWERS, BEARING KING EDWARD AND DOM CARLOS FROM THE YACHT TO THE SHORE.

The scene of the disembarkation resembled a water-carnival. Nothing could have been more picturesque than the eighteenth-century Royal Barge bearing as its figure-head the dragon of the House of Braganza. The bargemen wore red shirts and curious red-and-gold bonnets. Splendid weather favoured the pageant.

THE BALKAN TROUBLE: THE RECENT FIGHTING NEAR MITROWITZA AND ISTIP.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS BUREAU.



- I. THE ALBANIAN ATTACK ON MITROWITZA, APRIL 2: TURKISH TROOPS TAKING UP A POSITION TO STOP THE INSURGENT ADVANCE.
2. OFFICER EXAMINING INEFFECTIVE BOMBS THROWN BY BULGARIANS IN THE FIGHT NEAR ISTIP. 3. TURKISH TROOPS ON THE MARCH.

The event of the past week in the Balkans has been the rising of the Albanians in protest against the reforms which the Sultan had promised Austria and Russia to enforce. The two bombs in our Illustration were photographed at the office of the new Inspector-General at Uskub.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE KING AT LISBON.

(See Supplement.)

The *Victoria and Albert*, with King Edward on board, entered the Tagus about noon on April 2. As soon as the three signal-guns had announced the approach of his Majesty's yacht, the people of Lisbon flocked out to do him honour and made haste to complete their decorations. The yacht, with her accompanying cruisers, the *Venus* and *Minerva*, and the Portuguese escorting squadron, presented a fine spectacle as she steamed up the estuary, and at a quarter past three she dropped anchor opposite Black Horse Square, where the Pavilion for the public welcome had been erected. A few minutes later a royal salute announced that Dom Carlos was under way to meet his Imperial visitor, and the ancient royal galley, manned by eighty oarsmen in picturesque costume, rowed out from the Arsenal Basin. The meeting between the two monarchs took place on board the *Victoria and Albert*, and after an hour and a half the artillery awoke once more, and the procession of barges brought King Edward and Dom Carlos ashore. At the landing-place their reception was tremendous. Both Kings were in Admiral's uniform, and their appearance was greeted by the people of Lisbon with the utmost cordiality. King Edward and Dom Carlos walked together to the Pavilion, where the Ministers and Mayor of Lisbon, the Presidents of both Chambers, and other notables were introduced. A very few minutes sufficed for this ceremony, and the party then began the State progress to the Necessidades Palace. The six magnificent coaches included that of João V., constructed in 1708; that presented to the same monarch by Pope Clement XI. in 1717; and the State carriage of Dom José I., built in 1750. In the coach of João V., built

OUR PORTRAITS.

DR. FARRAR'S SUCCESSOR.

The Rev. Dr. Henry Wace, who has accepted the Deanery of Canterbury in succession to the late



HIGH-PRICED COINS AT THE MURDOCH SALE.

The coins were sold by Messrs. Sotheby.

Dr. Farrar, is Rector of St. Michael's, Cornhill, Prebendary of St. Paul's, Honorary Chaplain to the King, and Chaplain to the Inns of Court R.V. Born in London in December 1836, the new Dean received his education at Marlborough, Rugby, King's College, London, and at Brasenose College, Oxford, from which he graduated in 1860. Ordained deacon in 1861 and

a London merchant. Educated at Christ's Hospital, at Lincoln and Worcester Colleges, Oxford, he took a First Class in Lit. Hum. in 1854, and a First Class in Mathematics in 1855; was Senior University Mathematical Scholar in 1857; Mathematical Examiner in 1863; and Select Preacher in 1867 and 1885. In 1852 he became a Scholar of Lincoln College, in the following year Scholar of Worcester College, in 1865 second master of Dulwich College, and in 1868 Head Master of Christ's Hospital. From 1857 till 1865 he was Fellow, Lecturer, and Tutor of Worcester College; since 1887 he has been Prebendary of Sarum; since 1896 Honorary Fellow of Worcester; and since 1890 Almoner of Christ's Hospital. He succeeded the late Dean Farrar at Marlborough in 1876. Dr. Bell married Elizabeth, daughter of Edward Milner, in 1870.

THE NEW PRINCIPAL OF KING'S COLLEGE.

The Rev. Arthur Cayley Headlam, who has been elected to the post of Principal of King's College, London, in place of the Bishop-designate of Exeter, was born at Whorlton, Durham, on Aug. 2, 1862, and is the eldest son of the Rev. A. W. Headlam and Agnes Sarah, daughter of James Favell. He was educated at Winchester, and at New College, Oxford, took a Second Class in Classical Moderations in 1883 and a First in Lit. Hum. in 1885. From the latter year until 1897 he was a Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford; he has been theological lecturer at Oriel, Queen's, and Trinity, Birkbeck Lecturer at Trinity, and Select Preacher at Oxford; and is Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of Southwell. Mr. Headlam married Evelyn Persis, daughter of the Rev. George Wingfield, Rector of Glatton, Hunts, in 1900. At the time of his election he was Rector of Welwyn, Herts.

M. ERNEST VAN DYCK.

Monsieur Ernest Marie Hubert Van Dyck, the great

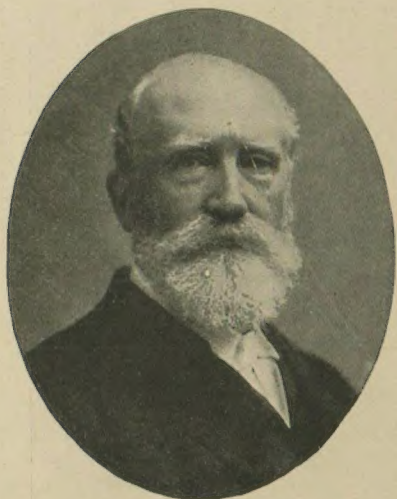


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE REV. HENRY WACE, D.D.,
New Dean of Canterbury.

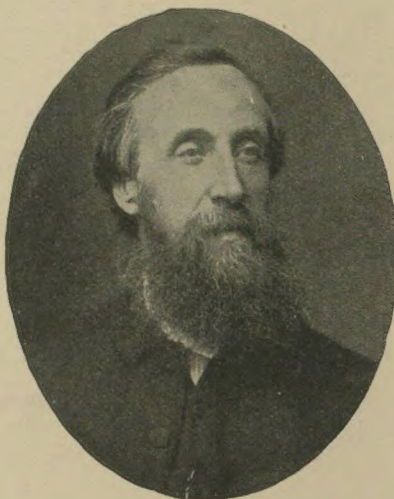


Photo. Russell.
THE REV. G. C. BELL,
Retiring from the Head Mastership of Marlborough.

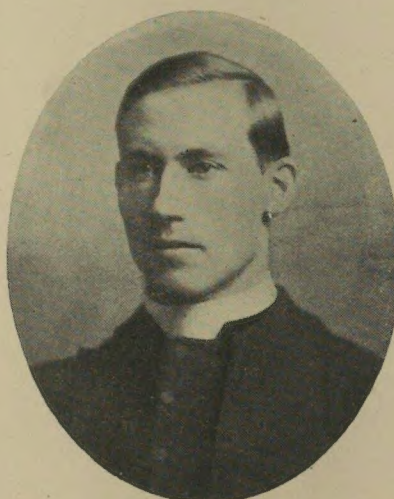


Photo. Russell.
THE REV. A. C. HEADLAM, B.D.,
New Principal of King's College, London.



Photo. Dupont, N.Y.
M. VAN DYCK.

in 1705, which was drawn by eight horses, Dom Carlos and King Edward sat together. The streets and windows throughout the long route of the procession were thronged, and as the monarchs, escorted by the 3rd Cavalry Regiment, of which King Edward is the honorary Colonel, passed on to the Necessidades Palace, they received a magnificent ovation. The following day was devoted to an excursion to Cintra. On April 4 the Royal Geographical Society of Lisbon presented an address at their Museum, while the ladies in the galleries showered rose-leaves upon King Edward, a courtesy which greatly delighted his Majesty. On April 6 the King attended a Taurada, a perfectly inoffensive form of bull-fight, in which no life is risked or sacrificed.

THE BALKAN TROUBLE.

The situation in the Balkans has within the last few days been complicated by an Albanian rising. Those warlike hillmen, the Arnauts, felt themselves personally aggrieved by the reforms which the Sultan, honestly or otherwise, expressed himself willing to sanction, and accordingly the Albanian insurrection brings an entirely fresh element into the trouble. The reforms, which were intended to lighten the burdens of the Macedonians, would have spoiled the Albanians' chances of making plundering raids, so the Arnauts attacked the town of Mitrowitz, and, after two hours' heavy fighting, were driven off by the Turkish troops. The newly appointed Russian Consul was wounded, and for this outrage the Sultan and the Porte have laid their apologies before the Russian Minister. A large force of Turkish regulars has been sent to Albania to restore order, and it was reported that Austrian troops were also being held in readiness. Any movement on the part of the latter Power would have a deep and far-reaching significance. Under the Berlin Treaty, Austria might, without offence, occupy Mitrowitz should the Sultan fail to restore order there.

priest in 1862, he was first licensed to St. Luke's, Berwick Street. From 1863 till 1869 he was at St. James's, Piccadilly, and from 1870 till 1872 at Grosvenor Chapel. In 1874 and 1875 he was Boyle Lecturer; in 1879 Bampton Lecturer; in 1880 and 1881 Select Preacher at Oxford; in 1876, 1891, and 1903 Select Preacher at Cambridge; in 1875 Professor of Ecclesiastical History in King's College; from 1884 till 1897 Principal of King's College, London; and from 1880 till 1896 Chaplain of Lincoln's Inn. His literary work includes the editing, with Sir William Smith, of the Dictionary of Christian Biography, the Apocrypha

Wagnerian tenor, who will appear in a number of his most famous rôles during the coming Opera season, was born at Antwerp on April 2, 1861. Educated at the Jesuits' College, Antwerp, and at the Universities of Louvain and Brussels, he began his working career as a journalist. Of late years he has greatly distinguished himself at Covent Garden, more especially as Tannhäuser, Lohengrin, and Tristan. M. Van Dyck, by the way, is a Chevalier of the Order of Leopold, and the possessor of other decorations.

SAXON ANTIQUITIES AT KETTERING.

During excavations which have just been carried out at Kettering, under the supervision of Mr. T. J. George, of the Northampton Museum, a large number of Saxon burial-urns have been unearthed. As there is evidence that the remains therein deposited had been cremated, the burials must have taken place previous to the introduction of Christianity into Mercia, at which period the disposal of the dead by fire was discontinued. The relics were found at a depth of between two and three feet. Ten of the urns were in a fair state of preservation, five or six were extremely good, but the remainder were mere fragments. The largest stands 10 in. high and is 11 in. in diameter, whilst the smallest measures 4 in. by 4½ in. The last-mentioned urn has a curious ring round the bottom similar to that on a teacup. The best preserved of the urns is beautifully marked and has its neck complete. A skeleton with the head laid to the east was found near the same spot, but its position presumes a later date of burial. Among minor relics is a curious comb with some of the teeth still remaining. The discoveries also include a few beads, twenty-six round pieces of flint resembling buttons, and a pair of bronze tweezers. The possibilities of the site as a mine of antiquarian remains have not yet been exhausted, and the local archaeologists look forward to further excavations



NEW ISSUES OF POSTAGE STAMPS.

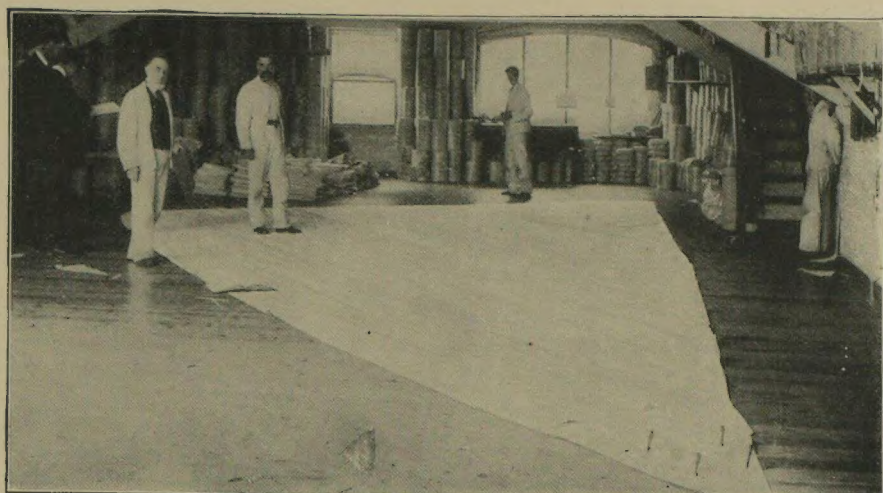
1. THE 1d. CAYMAN ISLANDS. 2. THE 1d. FIJI. 3. STAMP FOR THE FRENCH POST OFFICES IN CRETE, SURCHARGED WITH THE VALUE IN TURKISH MONEY.
Numbers 1 and 3 supplied by Messrs. Whitfield King and Co., Ipswich;
Number 2 by Messrs. Bright and Son, Strand.

for the "Speaker's Commentary," and with Dr. Bucheim of the "Primary Works of Luther."

THE RETIRING HEAD MASTER OF MARLBOROUGH.

The Rev. George Charles Bell, whose retirement from the Head Mastership of Marlborough College after more than twenty-six years' service is announced, was born at Streatham on July 9, 1832, the son of

SCENES AND INCIDENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD.



MAKING THE SAILS FOR "SHAMROCK III."

The sails for the challenger are the work of Messrs. Ratsey, the eminent sailmakers of Cowes. The yacht is now at Weymouth.

Photo. Moore.



A FORMER HOME OF ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S: WEALDSTONE FARM, ABOUT TO BE DEMOLISHED.

The novelist's name is deeply cut on an old oak beam in the garret.

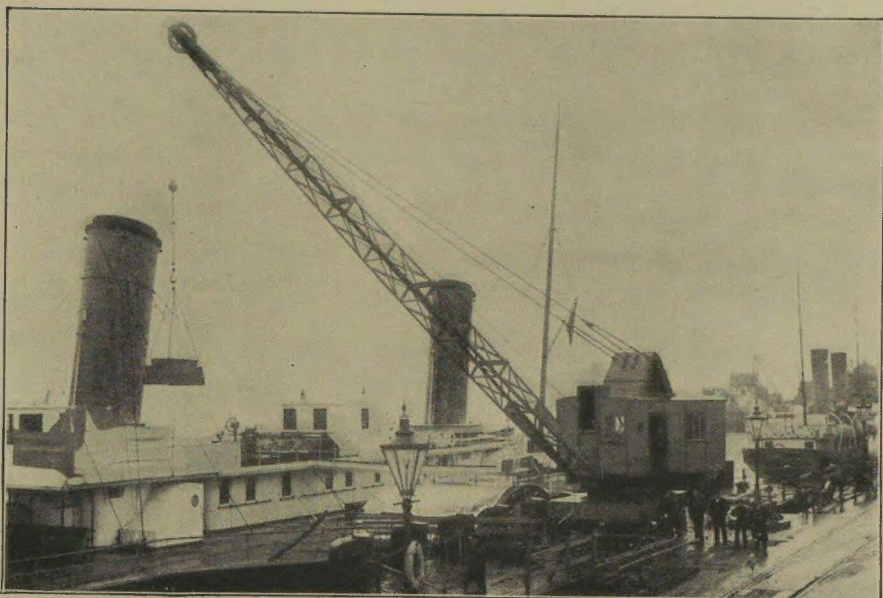
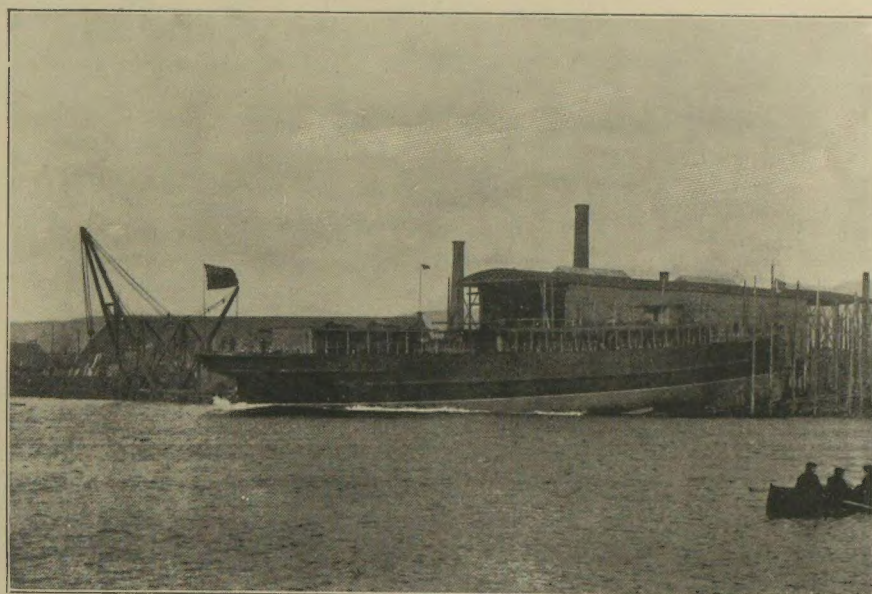


Photo. Sticer, Dover.

SHORTENING THE CHANNEL-CROSSING: ONE OF THE NEW ELECTRIC CRANES FOR LIFTING MAILS AND BAGGAGE AT DOVER NATIONAL HARBOUR.

These powerful cranes weigh fifty tons each. They will save twenty minutes on the Channel-crossing.



DOVER TO CALAIS IN FORTY-FIVE MINUTES: THE LAUNCH OF THE TURBINE "QUEEN" AT DUMBARTON, APRIL 4.

This, the first of the Channel turbines, was built by Messrs. Denny.



Photo. Illustrated Press Bureau.

AN EARTH-INHABITING GRAVEDIGGER IN THE BALKANS.

In the cemetery at Uskub is a fanatical Dervish gravedigger, who dwells in a subterranean chamber of his own digging. The tombs marked by turbanlike knobs are those of men.



Photo. H. G. Phelps.

THE MAKING OF REIMS, OR OX-HIDE THONGS, IN NATAL

The thongs of raw hide are twisted and unwound again and again until they attain an extraordinary toughness.

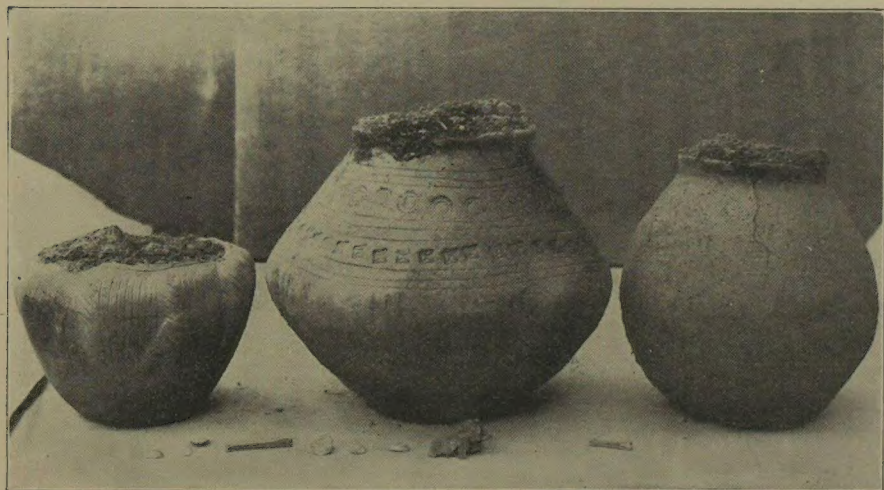


Photo. Evans.

EXAMPLES OF SAXON POTTERY DISCOVERED AT KETTERING.

These burial urns, which are believed to date from the time of Saxon Paganism, are described at greater length on another page.

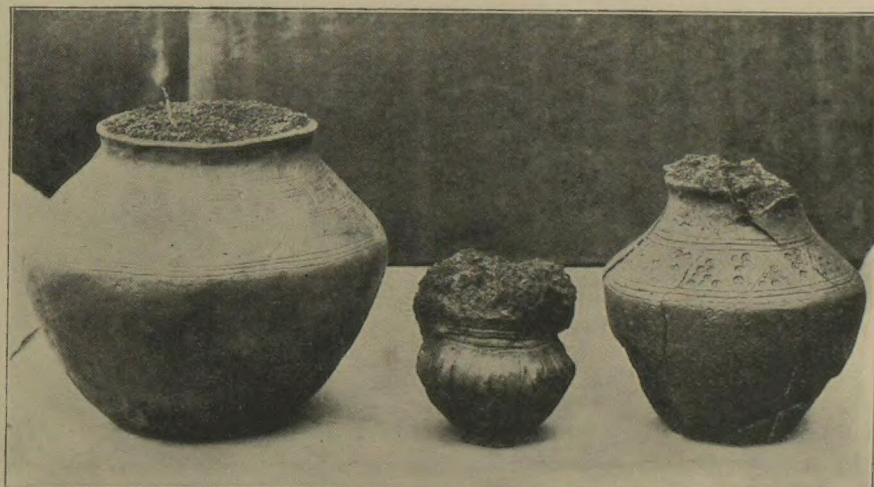


Photo. Evans.

OTHER EXAMPLES OF THE KETTERING POTTERY.

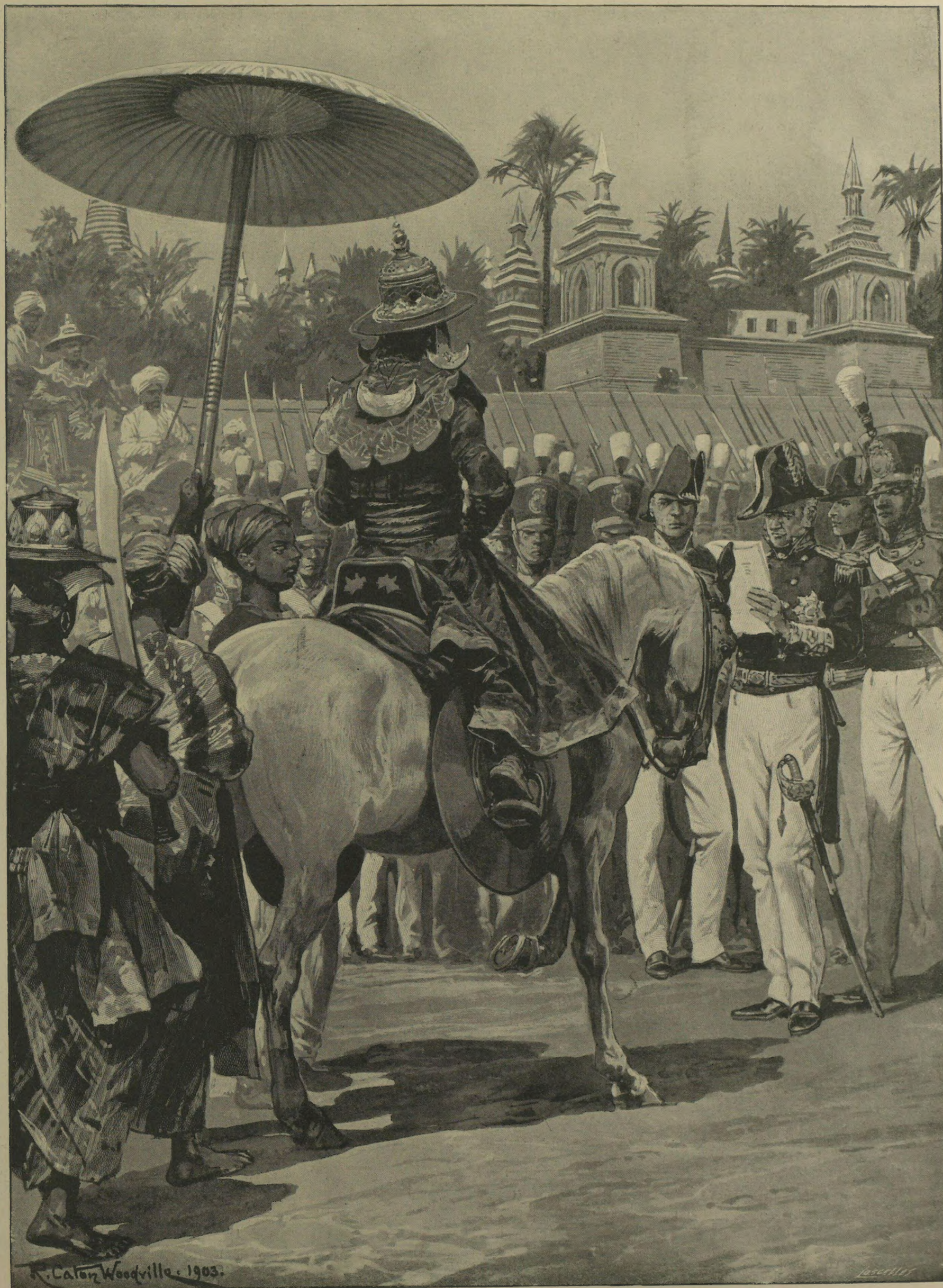
EASTERTIDE RELAXATION: HINTS TO HOLIDAY-MAKERS.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.



THE BRITISH DOMINIONS BEYOND THE SEAS.—No. XVII.: BURMA.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



THE SURRENDER OF RANGOON TO THE BRITISH TROOPS.

In 1823 the Burmese, firmly convinced that they could conquer the British by superior force, ventured upon an open violation of our territory, and attacked the guard on the island of Shaparee. Further outrages led to a declaration of war in February 1824. Commodore Grant and Sir Archibald Campbell laid siege to Rangoon, which surrendered in May 1824 after a feeble resistance. The war, however, did not end until February 1826, with the victory of Pagin Myo and the successful advance on Ava.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

Danny: The Story of a Dandie Dinmont. By Alfred Ollivant. (London: Murray. 6s.)
The Taint of the City. By Charles Eddy. (London: Edward Arnold. 6s.)
Lovey Mary. By Alice Hegan Rice. (London: Hodder and Stoughton. 5s.)
Charlotte Mary Yonge: Her Life and Letters. By Christabel Coleridge. (London: Macmillan. 12s. 6d.)
The Banner of Blue. By S. R. Crockett. (London: Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.)
To-Day and To-Morrow in Ireland. By Stephen Gwynn. (Dublin: Hodges and Figgis. 5s. net.)
Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland. By W. E. H. Lecky. New Edition. Two vols. (London: Longmans. 25s. net.)
George Douglas Brown: A Biographical Memoir. By Cuthbert Lennox. With Introduction by Andrew Lang. (London: Hodder and Stoughton. 3s. 6d.)

All dog-lovers should be charmed by Mr. Ollivant's "Danny." He has succeeded in expressing perfectly, without affectation or sentimentality, the character of that fascinating beast, the Dandie Dinmont, a dog which for gallantry, loyalty, and stark courage stands high. "Danny" was a model of chivalry to his mistress, and on the moor in his Berserker moods he still, to use Mr. Ollivant's phrase, "slew out of pure courtesy." The household which harboured him was the oddest imaginable, and worth a visit for its own sake. We were amused to see that a certain critic, in an unnecessarily condescending notice of the book, had spoken of a supposed "Highland" atmosphere. Any reader who knows Scotland will see that the quaint characters who fill the book are as far from Highlanders as the Dandie Dinmont is from the Highland collie. Really, the Celtic renaissance has much to answer for if a peculiarly brilliant sketch of Lowland Scots character is to be missed in this manner. To return to the book, Mr. Ollivant has made certain changes, not altogether, we think, for the better, since the story ran in one of the reviews. The last part of the book is too long, and the reader is unnecessarily bewildered among the events which lead up to the canine tragedy. The tragedy itself fails to move us. But the earlier chapters give as perfect a picture of a girl and a dog as we remember. And we have few novelists who can do justice to either.

Mr. Eddy recites the adventures of a gentleman with good connections, and a few hundreds a year, who wearies of doing nothing for a livelihood, and is induced to start a modest business in the City. He enters a stockbroker's office in a semi-attached capacity, collects clients, and takes a half commission. As he is entirely ignorant of finance, and eminently scrupulous, he is invited to join the directorate of a gold-mine. The mine is sold to the company by an expert "promoter," and the transaction has all the characteristics familiar to readers of prospectuses. The vendor pockets a solid sum, and he has a large number of shares to play with. How he plays with them is the theme of Mr. Eddy's story, which is told with a lucidity and vivacity extremely rare in the fiction of finance. It is so life-like indeed that the author seems to be showing up real personages all the time, and if we walked through Throgmorton Avenue we should expect to hear that they were much aggrieved, if it were not that people in their line of business appear to take publicity as a matter of course, and even to thrive on it. Rupert Monkheim, the expert "promoter," has sent a number of companies to the limbo of bankruptcy; but the speculating public rallies round him all the same whenever he announces a new venture. We learn from Mr. Eddy that people who buy shares in gold-mines, and lose their money, are not to be pitied, and that when they are put into a really "good thing" they are commonly ungrateful. The "taint of the City," in short, is unfavourable to the growth of the elementary virtues. On the other hand, a gold-mine is not always a party to deception, and when it threatens to ruin everybody but the vendor it may suddenly turn the tables on that astute gentleman by developing unsuspected riches. This agreeable possibility is handled by Mr. Eddy in such an exciting manner that his narrative may act not as a warning to shareholders, but as a stimulus.

Lovey Mary is a little American girl who is brought up in a "home" for waifs and strays. She has charge of a baby, manoeuvred into the "home" by his mother, a former inmate, and she runs away with him a year later because the mother, a most irregular young woman, wants him back again. Torn from a pet duck, Tommy insists on possessing another; and having bought a new duck out of her savings, two silver dollars, Lovey Mary wanders with the boy and the bird into that already famous settlement, the Cabbage Patch, on the outskirts of a city. Here the trio are befriended and made happy, chiefly by Mrs. Wiggs, who is a feminine counterpart of Mark Tapley. The Cabbage Patch is a perfect garden of simplicity and kindness and tender humour, such as would have delighted Mark Tapley's creator. No man appears in the settlement except a stranger who is recommended to a spinster as a suitable bridegroom by an advertising astrologer. He remains a week; and at the end of that time, being dead drunk, he is smuggled into an empty car on a freight train at midnight, and sent in the

direction of Chicago. Tommy's mother reappears, and dies penitentially; but Lovey Mary's genius for saving babies is practised on an infant who is just choking when she turns him upside down, and shakes a piece of candy out of him. As his parents are opulent, her future is assured. Mrs. Rice, we trust, will give us further glimpses of her when she grows up.

Among the women writers of the Victorian era Charlotte Yonge's figure must always be conspicuous—a position from which in actual life she shrank. If it is a little difficult to understand to-day the enthusiasm with which Rossetti and Morris, as undergraduates, greeted the "Heir of Redclyffe" (picture the Heir introduced into the "House of Life"!), Miss Yonge's fifty-six years of uninterrupted writing undoubtedly exercised a very great influence on successive generations. It is amusing to read that her early works were considered rather daring. She set a certain ideal before English women, she did really good work in writing history for children, her devotion to the Church of England and to missionary enterprise was unceasing, and in point of style her books at their best were far above the level of most books of such unquestionably "sound tone." But her life was uneventful, her circle of acquaintance small, and her letters concerned chiefly with the personal affairs of her friends. Miss Coleridge would perhaps have been better advised had she written a shorter book, printed fewer letters, and told a forgetful public a little more about Miss Yonge's

an English doctor, whose eyes are villainously close together. We cannot swallow the Laird and the doctor, nor the Laird's elder son, who is a lad imitation of the Master of Ballantrae; nor his wife, whom he tries to juggle out of her marriage lines. He dies none too soon; but his father, we regret to say, lives on to the end of the book, and, when he is dying, asks his daughter-in-law what message he shall take to her husband. "Tell him I love him," she says. This may be the true spirit of forgiveness; and yet we cannot forgive Mr. Crockett.

Mr. Gwynn is an acute, if sympathetic, critic of Irish affairs, and his present volume of essays is particularly interesting at a time when all eyes in Ireland are turned to the morrow. His preface—an able and moderate plea for Home Rule—consorts rather amusingly with the two facts that several chapters of the book are reprinted from staunchly Conservative periodicals, and that, though the essays themselves are non-political, there is a marked unity of spirit from cover to cover. Perhaps if the author could temper the fire of the actual Nationalist leaders by an infusion of this spirit, he might convert more of his Unionist readers to the views expressed in the preface. But the Home Rule controversy may be waived by the general reader, who will find in "To-Day and To-Morrow" an admirable account of the practical efforts to regenerate the Atlantic coast regions conducted by the Congested Districts Board, and will also learn in the

most agreeable way possible a good deal about the Gaelic League, which has—the mere Englishman will doubt, but it is true—incidentally excited a genuine enthusiasm for temperance and for the revival of industries in many parts of Ireland by preaching the resuscitation of the Irish language. Many things in the book, particularly an essay reprinted from one of the quarterlies on "Some Racial Contrasts in Fiction," show such an unusual insight into Continental literature that it is a pity that Mr. Gwynn, to make an epigram, should describe Ibsen as a Dane. This, however, is a trifle: the more important thing is that here, perhaps for the first time, is an exceedingly readable book of Irish essays by a writer who knows Ireland well and is in comparative charity with all Irishmen.

We are glad to welcome a new edition of Mr. Lecky's well-known book on Irish political leaders, which has long been out of print. The brilliant essay on Swift has been removed, and it is poor consolation to find that one can still obtain it by purchasing another (expensive) work from a different publisher. But the essays on Flood, Grattan, and O'Connell have been more than doubled in length. Since they were first published, Mr. Lecky has written a history of the eighteenth century in twelve volumes, and has been for some years a Unionist Member of Parliament: naturally he returns to Irish political problems with a more intimate knowledge of State papers and a more definite realisation of the necessities of practical politics. He has modified some of his judgments, but on the whole has changed remarkably little. On the great questions of Catholic Emancipation and on the passing of the Union he speaks with the same voice. He emphasises the fact, too often forgotten, that the Irish Parliament, destroyed in 1800, had throughout the wars of the French Revolution displayed staunch loyalty to the Empire; and points out that to deprecate the abolition of that body is a very different thing from wishing, eighty years later, when Irish leadership had fallen into very different hands, to erect a new Parliament of a completely contrasted character. Readers of the present book can estimate for themselves the gulf that lay between Grattan and Parnell. The second volume gives for the first time a thoroughly satisfactory account of O'Connell's extraordinary career. The essay is an acquisition to historical literature.

The biographical memoir of George Douglas Brown, author of "The House with the Green Shutters," is a volume of slender pages by three hands. Mr. Andrew Lang has written an introduction; Mr. Cuthbert Lennox gives a slight biography; and Mr. Andrew Melrose republishes the reminiscences already familiar to readers of the *Bookman*. As for the biography, it makes the most of its few anecdotes of an author who may yet escape, by the appellation of "One-Book Brown," from slight confusion between his lopped pen-name and his full baptismal name. Certainly that book of his was a vastly greater and more significant achievement than, say, the speech of "Single-Speech Hamilton." It arouses a keen appetite, even among the jaded, for more of its author's handiwork, and invests with interest any biography, however meagre, that is labelled with his name. That Brown's Oxford career profited him little; and that later, in London, he kept his freedom of action, time, and thought, rather than bind himself to salaried work, are nearly the only important things here to be told of him. Readers of "The House with the Green Shutters" would have gladly dispensed with much prefacing and parleying to get something more of Brown's own writing—whether letters or passages from the note-books which he sedulously kept, and which must yet yield, one thinks, an indication of the tendency of work planned or hoped for. It is somewhat remarkable, by the way, that nowhere does Mr. Lennox give any indication that he was personally acquainted with Brown.



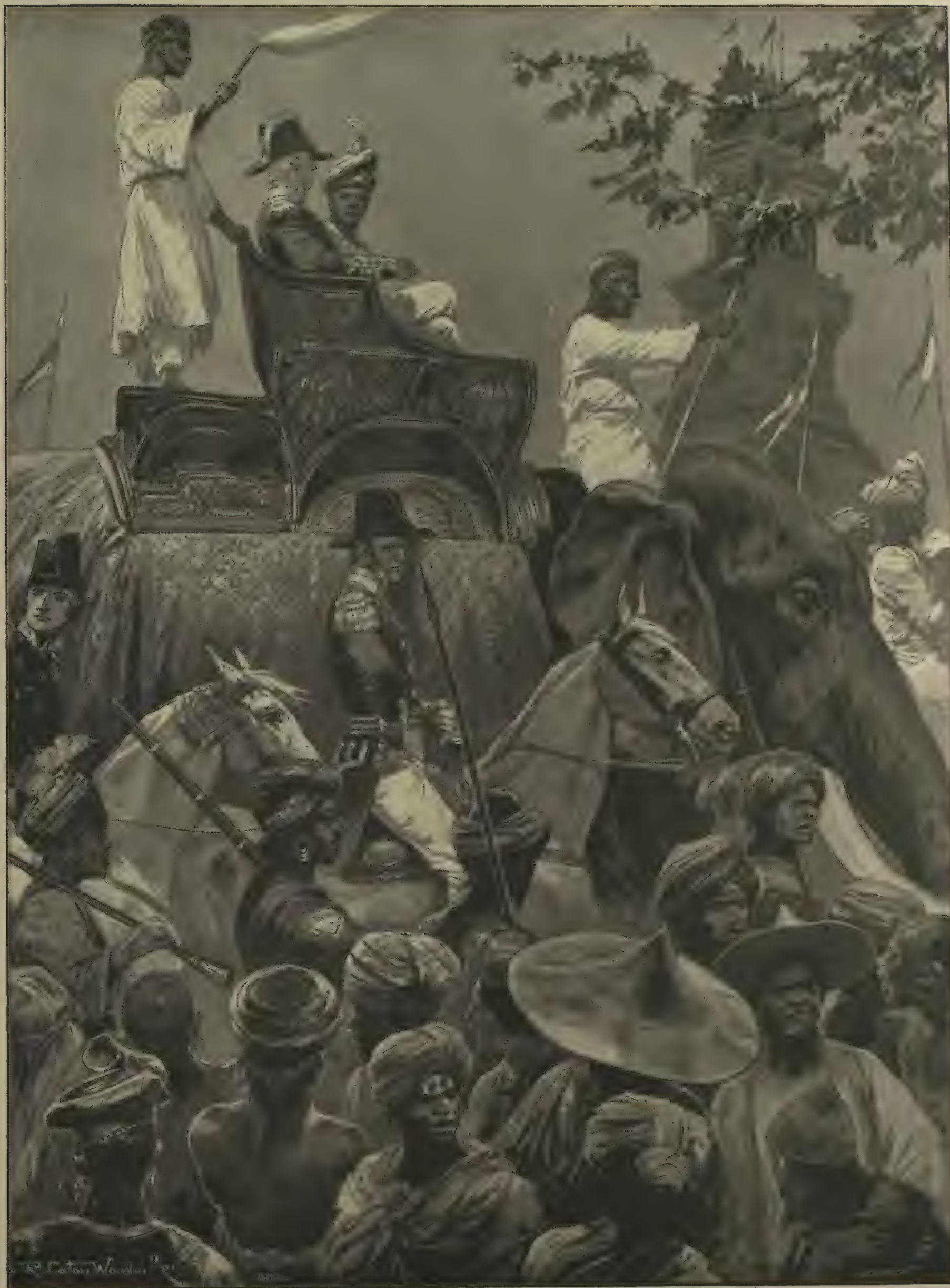
CHARLOTTE MARY YONGE, AT THE AGE OF 20.
 FROM A PORTRAIT IN THE POSSESSION OF MISS HELEN YONGE AT EASTLEIGH.
 Reproduced from "Charlotte Mary Yonge" by permission of Messrs. Macmillan and the owner of the picture.

literary work, and a little less about parochial matters. At the same time, her account of her friend has a certain quiet charm. Miss Yonge's own fragment of autobiography, or rather, family history, presents a very pleasing picture of quiet country life in Devon a century or less ago. In her letters she seldom touches on public topics or contemporary literature: the more stirring movements of her time hardly affected her. She remained at heart always the girl who sat at the feet of Keble.

It is possible that Scottish readers may find entertainment in Mr. Crockett's new novel. There is much in it about the "disruption" of the Kirk in 1843. There is also a Scot who believes in no religious teacher later than John Knox, and affirms that, "I am in my ain proper person the verra Kirk o' Scotland itself." That may appeal to Dr. Robertson Nicoll, but it is rather wearisome to the mere Sassenach. Mr. Crockett has a humour which defies the law of evolution. We have really progressed beyond the time when it was thought very droll to describe Herod's massacre of the innocents as "that little affair at Bethlehem," and to let the *enfant terrible* put his elders to the blush by commenting publicly on their love affairs. But Mr. Crockett is nothing if not conservative. He makes believe that his story is compiled from memoirs by an editor, with the assistance of people who write their separate narratives in the first person, after the antiquarian manner of the late Wilkie Collins. Perhaps there are Scottish readers who can stand that—we cannot. They may accept in good faith the Laird who commits crimes for the sake of his elder son, to spite the younger, and dies of a sword-thrust in a duel with

THE BRITISH DOMINIONS BEYOND THE SEAS.—No. XVIII.: SINGAPORE.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



THE BRITISH ENTERING SINGAPORE AFTER ITS CESSION IN 1824.

Singapore (the "Lion City") is the most important of the Straits Settlements, of which it has been the capital since 1832. In the eighteenth century Alexander Scott recognised the possibilities of the place, and later Sir Stamford Raffles chose it as the site of the great emporium which he had decided to found for the furtherance of British trade in the East. In 1819 permission was obtained by the English to erect a factory, and in 1824 the Sultan of Johore ceded the island for a consideration of £13,500.

AN EASTERTIDE CUSTOM AT HOME AND ABROAD.

DRAWN BY H. H. FLERE.



HUNTING FOR EASTER EGGS.

This Easter pastime was very popular in the royal family when King Edward was a boy.

EASTERTIDE CUSTOMS ON THE CONTINENT: SPAIN.

DRAWN BY G. AMATO.



HOLY WEEK FÊTES IN SEVILLE CATHEDRAL: THE DANCE BEFORE THE HIGH ALTAR IN PRESENCE OF THE ARCHBISHOP.

The splendid festivals of Holy Week in Seville attract a great deal of attention. They are in sharp contrast to those at Rome, and possess, as it were, a highly theatrical character. The dance before the High Altar at the moment of the Resurrection is a case in point. It is performed by youths or children, who wear fantastic costumes and carry castanets, decorated with ribbons of the national colours, red and yellow.



THE PALM SUNDAY PROCESSION IN BURGOS CATHEDRAL.

Throughout the cathedrals of Spain, Palm Sunday is observed with pomp and circumstance; but at Burgos the ceremonial is of the most magnificent character. The procession of palm-bearers, headed by the Archbishop, sweeps through the glittering side-chapels with a wonderful blaze of colour and sparkle of precious stones, afforded by the rich vestments of the ecclesiastics and the uniforms of the attendant civil and military dignitaries. The long palm-branches distributed to the people are taken home and fixed to the balconies, and are fabled to defend the house for the ensuing year from sorrow and death.



A SUBSTITUTE FOR THE BELLS IN HOLY WEEK: SOUNDING THE TRUMPET
ON THE CHURCH OF AMBERT, PUY-DE-DÔME.

One of the substitutes for the bells, which ancient custom silences during Holy Week, is the trumpet. At Ambert, in Puy-de-Dôme, the summons to the church services is given upon a long horn of archaic design, which is sounded from the parapet of the church. The variety of noisy instruments by which the bells are replaced at this season is enormous. The most usual is the "crécelle," a sort of rattle, which appears under many forms.

STEPHEN OF STEENS.

A TALE OF WILD JUSTICE.

ILLUSTRATED BY

By "Q."

[R. CATON WOODVILLE.]

XIII.

He served the supper himself, explaining Jane's absence by a lie. Towards midnight the volunteers began to arrive, dropping in by ones and twos; and by four in the morning, when Roger withdrew to his attic to snatch a few hours' sleep, the garrison seemed likely to resume its old strength. The news of the widow's capture exhilarated them all. Even those who had come dejectedly felt that they now possessed a hostage to play off, as a last card, against the law.

That night Roger Stephen in his attic slept as he had not slept for months, and awoke in the grey dawn to find Trevarthen shaking him by the shoulder.

"Hist, man! Come and look," said Trevarthen, and led him to the window. Roger rubbed his eyes, and at first could see nothing. A white sea-fog covered the land and made the view a blank: but by-and-by, as he stared, the fog thinned a little and disclosed two fields away a row of blurred white tents, and another row behind it.

"How many do you reckon?" he asked quietly.

"Soldiers? I put 'em down at a hundred and fifty."

"And we've a bare forty."

"Fifty-two. A dozen came in from Breage soon after five. They're all posted."

"A nuisance, this fog," said Roger, peering into

it. Since the first assault, he and his men had levelled the hedge across the road, so that the approach from the fields lay open, and could be swept from the loopholes in the courtlege wall.

"I don't say that," answered Trevarthen cheerfully. "We may find it help us before the day is out. Anyway, there's no chance of its lifting if this wind holds."

"I wonder now the fellow didn't try a surprise, and attack at once."

"He'll summon you in form, depend on't. Besides, he has to go gently. He knows by this time you hold the woman here, and he don't want her harmed if he can avoid it."

"Ah!" said Roger. "To be sure—I forgot the woman."

While the two men stood meditating, a moan sounded in the room below. It seemed to rise through the planking close by their feet.

Trevarthen caught Roger by the arm. "What's that? You haven't been hurting her? You promised—"

"No," Roger interrupted, "I haven't hurt her, nor tried to. She's sick, maybe. I'll step down and have a talk with Jane."

On the landing outside Mrs. Stephen's room the two men shook hands, and Trevarthen hurried down to go the round of his posts in the outbuildings. They never saw one another again. Roger hesitated a moment, then tapped at the door.

After a long pause, Jane opened it with a scared face. She whispered with him, and he turned and went heavily down the stairs: another moan from within followed him.

At the front door Malachi met him, his face twitching with excitement. The Sheriff (said he) was at the gate demanding word with Master Stephen.

Roger lounged across the courtlege, fingering and examining the lock of his musket, with ne'er a glance nor a good morning for the dozen men posted there beside their loopholes. Another half-dozen waited in the path for his orders: he halted, and told them curtly to march upstairs and man the attic windows, whence, across the wall's coping, their fire would sweep the approach from the fields; and so walked on and up to the gate, on which the Sheriff was now hammering impatiently.

"Who's there?" he demanded.

"Are you Roger Stephen?" answered the Sheriff's voice.



"The law that killed 'en takes naught from me!"

"Roger Stephen of Steens—ay, that's my name."
 "Then I command you to open to me, in the name of King George!"

"Anything more?"
 "Yes," said the Sheriff; "I am told that you have taken violent possession of the plaintiff in this suit. I warn you to do her no hurt, and I call upon you to surrender her."

Roger laughed, and through the gate it sounded a sinister laugh enough. "I doubt," said he, "that she can come if she would."

"I warn you also that any agreement or withdrawal of claim which you may wrest from her or force her to sign will, under the circumstances, be not worth the paper 'tis written on."

Roger laughed again. "I never thought of such a thing. I leave such dirty tricks to your side. Go back with ye, Master Sheriff, and call up your soldiers, if you must."

They tell that the first assault that day came nearest to succeeding. The Sheriff had provided himself with scaling-ladders, and, concentrating his attack on the front, ordered his storming-party to charge across the road. They came with a rush in close order, and were checked—at the point where the hedge had been levelled—by a withering fire from the loopholes and attic windows. Four men fell. Two ladders reached the wall—one of them carried by a couple of men, who planted it, and then, finding themselves unsupported, ran back to the main body. Six men with the second ladder reached the wall, dropping a comrade on the way, and climbed it. The first man leapt gallantly down among the defenders, and fell on the flags of the courtlege, breaking his ankle. The second, as he poised himself on the coping, was picked off by a shot from the allies, and toppled backwards. The others stood by the foot of the ladder, bawling for support.

But the momentary dismay of the main body had been fatal. Each man at the loopholes had two guns, and each pair had an attendant to reload for them. Before the soldiers could pull themselves together and resume their rush, a second volley poured from the loopholes, and again three men fell. One or two belated shots followed the volley, and, a moment later, the captain in command, as he waved his men forward, let drop his sword, clenched his fists high above him, and pitched headlong in the roadway across their feet. Instinct told them that the course to which he had been yelling them on was after all the safest: to rush the road between two volleys and get close under the wall. Once there, they were safe from the marksmen, who could not depress their guns sufficiently to take aim. And so, with a run, at length they carried the road—but too late to recover the first ladder, the foot of which swung suddenly high in air. This ladder was a tall one, overtopping the wall by several feet: and Pascoe, remembering the wain-ropes lying beneath the ash-tree, had run for it, cleverly lassooed its projecting top, and, with two men helping, jerked it high and dragged it inboard with a long slide and a crash.

There were now about a hundred soldiers at the foot of the wall, and the fate of Steens appeared to be sealed, when help came as from the clouds. Throughout the struggle forms had been flitting in the rear of the soldiers. The fog had concealed from the Sheriff that he was fighting, as his predecessor had fought, within a ring of spectators many hundreds in number: and to-day not a few of these spectators had brought guns. It is said that in the hottest of the fray Trevarthen broke out from the rear of Steens and marshalled them. Certain it is that no sooner were the soldiers huddled beneath the wall than a bullet sang down the road from the north, then another, then a volley: and as they faced round in panic on this flanking fire, another volley swept up the road from the south and took them in the rear.

They could see no enemy. Likely enough the enemy could not see them. But, packed as they were, the cross-fire could not fail to be deadly. The men in the courtlege had drawn back towards the house as the ladders began to sway above the wall. They waited, taking aim, but no head showed above the coping. They heard and wondered at the firing in the road: then, while still they waited, one by one the ladders were withdrawn.

The soldiers, maddened by the fire, having lost their captain, and being now out of hand, parted into two bodies and rushed, the one up, the other down the road, to get at grips with their new assailants. But they had scarcely started when from the camp the bugles began to sound the recall: and as they turned sullenly a yellow glare in the fog explained the summons. Their camp was ablaze from end to end.

The Sheriff cursed the inhabitants of West Cornwall and cursed the fog: but he was not a fool, and he wasted no time in a wild-goose chase over an unknown country where his men could not see twenty yards before them. Having saved what he could of the tents and trodden out the embers, he consulted with the young lieutenant now in command and came to two resolutions: to send to Pendennis Castle for a couple of light six-pounders, and, since these could not arrive until the morrow, to keep the defence well harassed during the remaining hours of daylight, not attempting a second assault in force, but holding his men in shelter and feeling around the position for a weak point.

The day had passed noon before these new dispositions were planned. Posting ten men and a corporal to guard the charred remains of the camp, and two small bodies to patrol the road east and west of the house and to keep a portion of the defence busy in the courtlege, the lieutenant led the remainder of his force through an orchard divided from the south end of the house by a narrow lane, over which a barn abutted. Its high blank wall had been loopholed on both floors and was quite unassailable: but its roof was of thatch. As he studied it, keeping his men in cover, a happy inspiration occurred to him. He sent back to the camp for an oil-can and a

parcel of cotton wadding: and by three o'clock had opened a brisk fire of flaming bullets on the thatch. Within twenty minutes the marksmen had it well ignited. Behind and close above it rose a gable of the house itself, with a solitary window overlooking the ridge: and their hope was that the wind would carry the fire from one building to another.

Thatch well sodden with winter's rain does not blaze or crackle. Dense clouds of smoke went up, and soon small lines of flame began to run along the slope of the roof, dying down and bursting forth again. By the light of them, through the smoke, the soldiers saw a man at the window above, firing, reloading, and firing again. They sent many a shot at the window, but good aim from their cover was impossible: and the loopholes of the barn itself spat bullets viciously and kept the assault from showing its head.

The man at the window—it was Roger Stephen—exposed himself recklessly even when the fire from the loop-holes ceased, as, to the lieutenant's surprise, it did quite suddenly. For a minute or so the thatch burned on in silence. Then, from within the building, came the sound of an axe crushing, stroke on stroke, upon the posts and timbers of the roof. Some madman was bringing down the roof upon him, to save the house. The man at the window went on loading and firing.

The soldiers themselves held their breath and almost let it go in a cheer when, with a rumble and a thunderous roar, the roof sank and collapsed, sending up one furious rush of flame and a slower column of dust. But, as the dust poured down, the flame sank with it. The house was saved. The lieutenant looked about him, saw the light fading out of the sky, and gave the order to return to camp. The man at the window sent a parting shot after them.

And with that ended the great assault. But scarcely had the Sheriff reached camp when a voice came crying after him through the dusk, and, turning, he spied a figure waving a white rag on a stick. The messenger was old Malachi; and he halted at a little distance, but continued to wave his flag vigorously.

"Hey?" bawled back the Sheriff. "What is it?"
 "Flag o' truce!" bawled Malachi in answer. "Master's compliments, and if you've done for the day, he wants to know if you've such a thing as a surgeon."

"Pretty job for us if we hadn't," growled the Sheriff. "I keep no surgeons for law-breakers. How many wounded have you?"

"Ne'er a man amongst us, 'cept poor Jack Trevarthen—and he's dead. 'Tisn' for a man: 'tis for a woman. Mistress Stephen's crying out, and the Master undertakes if you send a surgeon along he shall be treated careful."

So back with Malachi went the regimental surgeon, who had done his work with the wounded some hours before. Roger Stephen met him at the side wicket, and leading him indoors, pointed up the stairs. "When 'tis over," said he, "you'll find me yonder in the parlour." He turned away, and upstairs the young doctor went.

Roger entered the parlour and shut the door behind him. The room was dark and the hearth cold, but he groped for a chair and sat for two hours alone, motionless, resting his elbows on the table and his chin on his clasped, smoke-begrimed hands. He was listening. Now and again a moan reached him from the room overhead. From the kitchen came the sound of voices cursing loudly at intervals, but for the most part muttering—muttering. . . .

The cursers were those who came in from their posts to snatch a handful of supper, and foraged about in larder and pantry demanding to know what had become of Jane. Jane was upstairs. . . .

The mutterers were men who had abandoned their posts to discuss the situation by the kitchen fire. A brisk assault just now could hardly have missed success. Trevarthen's death had demoralised the garrison, and these men by the fire were considering the risk to their necks. Roger knew what they were discussing. By rising and stepping into the kitchen, he could at least have shamed them back to duty. He knew this full well, and yet he sat on motionless. . . .

A sound fetched him to his feet: a child's wail. He stood up in the darkness, lifting his arms—as a man might yawn and stretch himself awaking from a long dream.

Someone tapped at the door, turned the handle, and stood irresolutely there peering into the darkness.

"Yes?" said Roger, advancing.

"Ah!" It was the surgeon's voice. "I beg your pardon, but finding you in darkness—Yes, it's all right: a fine boy; and the mother, I should say, doing well. Do you wish to go up?"

"God forbid!" said Roger, and led him to the kitchen, where the whisperers started up at his entrance. In the middle of the room on a board across two trestles lay something hidden by a white sheet—Trevarthen's body, recovered from the ruins of the barn.

"He was my friend," said Roger simply, pausing by the corpse. Then he turned with a grim smile on the malcontents. "Where's the brandy?" he asked. "The doctor 'll have a drink afore he turns out into the night."

"No, I thank you," said the young surgeon.

"Won't take it from me? Well, I thank thee all the same." He led his guest forth, let him out by the wicket, and returned to the kitchen.

"Lads," said he, "the night's foggy yet. You may slip away to your homes if you go quiet. Step and tell the others, and send Malachi to me. I—I thank ye, friends, but as you've been arguing to yourselves, the game's up: we won't stand another assault to-morrow."

They filed out and left him, none asking—as Trevarthen would have asked—concerning his own safety. By Trevarthen's body Malachi found him standing; and again, and in the same attitude, found him standing by it a quarter of an hour later, when, having muffled the horses' hoofs in straw, he returned to

announce that all was ready and the lane clear towards the moors. In so short a time the whole garrison had melted away.

"He was my friend," said Roger again, looking down on the sheet; and wondered why this man had loved him. Indeed, there was no explanation, except that Trevarthen had been just Trevarthen.

He followed Malachi out and walked forth from Steens, leading his horse softly. At the foot of the lane he mounted, looked back in the darkness and lifted a fist against the sky.

Then they headed eastward and rode, Malachi and he, over the soundless turf and through the fog, breasting the moor together.

A little after midnight, on the high ground, they reined up, straining their ears at a rumbling sound borne up to them from the valley road below—the sound (though they knew it not) of two gun-carriages ploughing through the mire towards Steens.

At eight o'clock next morning one of these guns opened fire, and with its first shot ripped a breach through the courtlege wall. There came no answer. When the Sheriff, taking courage, rode up to summon the house, its garrison consisted of two women and one sleeping babe.

XIV.

Four days later the fugitives were climbing a slope on the south-eastern fringe of Dartmoor. They mounted through a mist as dense almost as that in which they had ridden forth—a cloud resting on the hill's shoulder. But a very few yards above them the sky was blue: and to the south of them, had their eyes been able to pierce the short screen of vapour, the country lay clear for mile upon mile, away beyond Ashburton to Totnes, and beyond Totnes to Dartmouth and the Channel.

Roger Stephen's face was yellow with disease and hunger; he could hardly sit his horse. He panted, and beads stood out on his forehead, as though he felt every effort of his straining horse. Malachi's face was white, but expressionless. Life had never promised him much, and for him the bitterness of death was easily passed.

By-and-by, as a waft of wind lifted the cloud's rugged edge, his eyes sought the long slopes below, and then went up to a mass of dark granite topping the white cumulus above and frowning over it out of the blue.

"Better get down here," he said.

Roger went on unheeding.

"Better get down here, master," he repeated in a wheedling tone, and, dismounting, took Roger's rein. Roger obeyed at once, almost automatically. As his feet felt earth, he staggered, swayed, and dropped forward into Malachi's arms.

"Surely! Surely!" the old man coaxed him, and took his arm. They left their horses to graze, and mounted the slope—the old man holding the younger's elbow, and supporting him. Each carried a gun slung at his back.

They reached the foot of the tor and found a granite stairway, rudely cut, winding to its summit. Roger turned to Malachi with questioning eyes, like a child's. "Surely! surely!" repeated Malachi, glancing behind him. His eye had caught a glint of scarlet far down on the dun-coloured slope.

With infinite labour and many pauses they climbed the stairway together, the old man always supporting the younger and coaxing him. In the broad stand of granite at the summit the rains had worn a slight hollow, shallow, ample to recline in, even for a man of Roger's stature. Here Malachi laid him down, first drawing the gun-sling gently off his shoulders. Roger said nothing, but lay and gasped, staring up into the blue sky.

Malachi examined the two guns, looked to their locks, and fishing in his pockets, drew forth a powder-horn and a bag of bullets. These he laid with the guns on the granite ledge before him, and, crawling forward on his stomach, peered over.

The cloud had drifted by. It was as he expected: the soldiers were climbing the slope. For almost half an hour he kept his position, and behind him Roger muttered on, staring up at the sky. Amid the mutterings from time to time the old man heard a curse. They sank at length to a mumble, senseless, rambling on and on, without intelligible words.

Malachi put a hand out for a gun, raised himself deliberately on his elbow, and fired. He did not look to see if his shot had told, but turned at once, and, in the act of fitting the cloth to his ramrod, looked anxiously at his master. Even the mumbling had now ceased, but still Roger gazed fixedly up into the sky and panted. He had not heeded the report.

Malachi reloaded carefully, stretched out his hand upon the second gun, and fired again. This time he watched his shot, and noted that it had found its man. He turned to his master with a smile, reaching out his hand for the reloaded gun, picked it up, laid it down again, and felt in his pocket.

"No good wasting time," he muttered.

He drew forth pipe and tinder-box, hunted out the last few crumbs of tobacco at the bottom of his pocket, and lit up, still keeping his eyes on Roger as he smoked.

A voice challenged, far down the slope. He crawled to his master's side.

"There's one thing we two never could abide, master, dear—could we?—and that was folks inter-ferin'."

He took up the reloaded gun again, fired his last shot, and sat puffing.

Minutes passed, and then a voice challenged angrily again from the foot of the tor. Malachi leaned across, closed the eyes that still stared up implacably, and arose, knocking out the ashes of his pipe against his boot-heel.

"Right you are," he sang down bravely. "There be two men up here, and one was a good man. But he's dead: and the law that killed 'en takes naught from me but a few poor years that be worthless without 'en. Come ye up, friends, and welcome!"

THE END.

THE MOTOR-CAR ACCIDENT AT NICE: THE SCENE OF COUNT ZBOROWSKI'S DEATH.

Drawings by S. BEGG FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRANGER-DOYÉ.



1. THE PROXIMITY OF SCENE OF THE TWO FATAL MOTOR CAR ACCIDENTS AT NICE.—[Photo Moore.]
3. THE SCENE IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE ACCIDENT.—[Photo Doyé.]

2. COUNT ZBOROWSKI'S CAR AFTER THE ACCIDENT.—[Photo Moore.]
4. THE TABLET ON THE SPOT WHERE BAUER WAS KILLED IN 1900.—[Photo Moore.]

+ Spot where Zborowski was killed. O Monument marking spot where Bauer was killed.



COUNT ZBOROWSKI ON HIS MERCEDES CAR.

AFTER THE ACCIDENT: THE WRECK OF THE CAR.

During the La Turbie Race on April 1, Count Zborowski and his chauffeur, in turning a sharp corner at a speed of about sixty-five miles an hour, were dashed against a rock. The Count was killed instantly, and the chauffeur dangerously injured.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The question of the air we breathe, of its purity, and of the best mode of getting the quantum of pure air demanded for health and for the continuance of life itself, is one which perpetually recurs in the experience not only of the scientist, but also in that of the social reformer. It is easy to show why the latter should feel deeply interested in the air question. In the first place, it enters into the subject of the housing of the people in the most intimate fashion. With the growth of population we see land becoming more and more valuable, viewed for building purposes. The houses of the people, accordingly, in place of being built with larger rooms than before, are being constructed with smaller apartments. If we find the cubic space in which people have to live and sleep thus reduced, it is very obvious the ventilation question must intervene. For the more confined the space, the greater the need for an efficient interchange of air.

Recent attention has been bestowed upon the air of public buildings and that of our underground railways. The air of the House of Commons has been examined, with the result, I believe, that the existent system of ventilation there is to be replaced by another and more effective method. The air of the "Tube" in London has also been examined with the object of noting its character in relation to the health of those who travel by it. The London County Council promoted the investigation, which not merely included examination of the air chemically, but also showed forth its characteristics in so far as the microbes it contained are concerned. In air, the gas which represents the deleterious ingredient is, of course, carbonic acid, or carbon dioxide, as chemists term it. This gas, found naturally in deep mines and wells, and constituting the "choke-damp" of the miner, also represents part of that bodily waste of ours which is the result of the work perpetually discharged by our frames. Now, in ordinary pure air—that is, air which is as pure as we can get it in human surroundings—the amount of carbonic acid gas does not exceed four volumes in ten thousand of air, and this amount accordingly is taken as the standard of ordinary air-purity. For dwelling-houses, six volumes have been taken as the maximum consistent with purity of air.

Sanitarians, however, now recognise that carbonic acid gas *per se* is not so dangerous to health as when it keeps what we may call bad company. That company is represented by a certain kind of matter escaping from our lungs and skin, and consisting of the worn-out particles of our bodies. Hence it is known as "organic matter," and as it is putrescent and liable to undergo changes akin to those of decay, we see in this item a highly undesirable addition to the list of air-impurities, but one from which it is impossible to escape, unless through the aid of efficient ventilation. The close, stuffy odour of ill-ventilated rooms is due to the presence of this organic matter in the air, and it may be held as a general truth that as the carbonic acid gas increases in amount, so will the organic debris also mount up. Some of the recent results obtained by the examination of the air of the Central London Railway are highly interesting, viewed from the standpoint of the connection between carbonic acid gas and organic matter.

A first result was noted in the shape of the fact that in the morning, after ventilation of the "Tube," the air was of fair purity. As the day passed, and traffic began and continued, the amount of carbonic acid increased markedly, and exceeded the quantity found in the outer atmosphere. In the carriages this gas was present in greatest proportion, while in the lifts it was also noted that the amount was high. Clearly, this increase must be set down to the emanations from human lungs. With regard to the germs, it was found that the number was slightly higher in the air of the "Tube" than in the outside air; but it is added that this item as regards the railway might compare very favourably with the conditions that are represented, say, in small living-rooms, where the cubic space is limited, and the ventilation deficient. More microbes were found in the lifts and cars than in the "Tube" air itself.

After all, I question very much whether the air-dangers of the "Tube" are really any greater than those represented in many houses and in places of amusement, churches, and halls, where we have large assemblies of people, for whose breathing little or no adequate provision is made. The use of electric light has diminished so much air-impurity, for open gas-lights form a source of contamination of direct kind. The late Dr. Angus Smith many years ago analysed the air of London theatres. In some he found the proportion of carbonic acid gas as high as thirty-two volumes in ten thousand of air. If we add to this impurity the heat, water, and organic matter given off, we may readily feel startled to think of the putrescent atmosphere amidst which people can live and breathe. But we may feel less surprised, when we know these facts, that our health is not what it should be, and that we owe a susceptibility to colds and lung troubles at large which cannot be otherwise explained save in the idea that we poison ourselves through lack of ventilation.

It is yet an unsolved question, this, how to ventilate without unnecessary draught. It never will be solved or settled till people recognise that air is a solid body, and requires to be moved if we want to make it enter or pass away from our dwellings. This is another way of saying that ventilation by draughts is a failure, and that the only effective mode of obtaining our air-supply is that by employing machinery, in the shape of fans. Still, something is gained if the public mind be awakened to the necessity for fresh air as a paramount condition of healthy existence.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to Chess Editor.

J W NORTH (Westward Ho).—In problem No. 3071 there is no alternative solution; 1. K takes P is met by Black's reply, P to K 8th becomes Kt (ch), etc.

H K S HEMMING (Montreal).—The solution of No. 3066 as printed is quite right. You correctly call K to Q sq "the entire loss of a move," for that is the object of the play. It is the only move that can be lost, and whatever Black plays is followed by mate.

A G BRADLEY (Batham).—It shall have our attention.

H E KIDSON.—Very good, as usual, and it shall appear shortly.

A W DANIEL.—The mistake was ours; the problems are right, and we hope to make use of them.

I. DESANGES.—A better specimen altogether, and shall appear.

W A CLARK and O K JONES.—Received with thanks.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3071 received from Gertrude M Field (Athol, Mass.) and Charles Field junior (Athol, Mass.); of No. 3072 from Joseph Cook, Fidelitas, J D Tucker (Ikley), and E J Caudy (Lundbridge Wells); of No. 3073 from Fidelitas, W d'A Barnard (Uppington), Joseph Cook, Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), Charles H Allen, A J Allen (Hampstead), A G (Pancsova), and Eugene Henry (Lewisham).

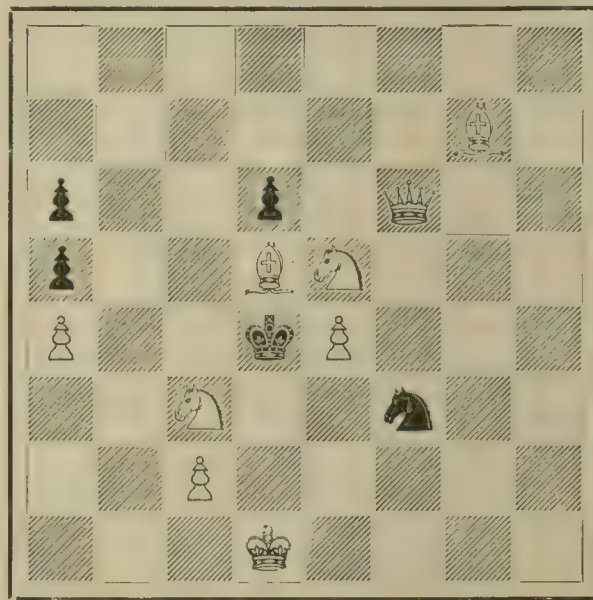
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3074 received from G C B, Clement C Danby, Thomas Henderson (Leeds), R Worters (Canterbury), J W (Campbell), Shadforth, J D Tucker (Ikley), Sorrento, Eugene Henry (Lewisham), Reginald Gordon, H S Brandreth, Joseph Cook, T Roberts, Albert Wolff (Putney), F J S (Hampstead), L Desanges, Martin P, Herbert A Salway, R A Hatts (Brighton), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), H J Plumb (Wotton-under-Edge), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), Edith Corser (Reigate), A Belcher (Wycombe), Charles Burnett, W D Easton (Sunderland), Captain Barnes, and Twynam (Ryde).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3073.—By C. W. (Sunbury).

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to R 3rd K takes R
2. Q to Q 3rd Any move
3. B dis ch, and mates.
If Black play 1. R takes R, 2. Q to Q 3rd (ch), etc.

PROBLEM No. 3076.—By A. E. Lecluse.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN MONTE CARLO.

Game played between Dr. TARRASCH and Mr. J. MIESSES.

(Centre Counter Gambit.)

WHITE (Dr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Dr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to K 4th	P to Q 4th	16. P to B 4th	Kt to R 4th
2. P takes P	Q takes P	17. P to Kt 3rd	P takes P
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Q to Q R 4th	18. Q to Q sq	Kt to Kt 2nd
4. P to Q 4th	Kt to K B 3rd	19. P to B 5th	
5. B to Q 3rd	B to Kt 5th		
6. K Kt to K 2nd	P to K 3rd		
7. B to K B 4th	Kt to Q 4th		
8. B to Q 2nd	Kt takes Kt		
9. P takes Kt	Kt to Q 2nd		
10. Castles	P to Q B 3rd		
11. Q to Kt sq	B takes Kt		
12. B takes B	Q to B 2nd		
13. P to K B 4th	B to Q 3rd		
14. B to Q 3rd	P to K Kt 1th		

Up to this point both attack and defence have been well played, and there is little to choose between the positions. White having, if anything, a slightly superior development. The text, however, seems rather in the extreme, especially as there were plenty of safe moves on the board.

20. B takes P
21. P to B 3rd
22. B to K 5th
23. B to Kt 6th
24. B takes R P
25. B to B 3rd
26. K to Kt 2nd
27. P to K R 4th
28. Q to K 2nd
29. Q takes B

The combination here looks easy enough, yet it is true master-play.

30. Q takes P
31. Q takes R

A pretty ending to a fine game.

30. Kt to B 4th
31. R to Kt sq
Resigns.

Another game in the tournament between Messrs. MIESSES and ALBIN.

(Danish Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. A.)	WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. A.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	15. B takes Kt	P takes B
2. P to Q 4th	P takes P	16. Kt takes P	Q to Kt 3rd
3. P to Q B 3rd	P takes P	17. R to B sq	B to R 3rd
4. B to Q B 4th	P takes P	18. Kt to Q 5th	Q to Kt 2nd
5. B takes Kt P	B to Kt 5th (ch)	19. Kt takes P at R 5	B takes B (ch)
		20. Q takes B	Q to Kt 7th
		21. R to Q Kt sq	Kt to K 4th
		22. Q to Q sq	Q to R 6th
		23. Kt to B 7th (ch)	Kt to Q 2nd
		24. Q to Q 5th	R to B sq
		25. Q to K 5th (ch)	

Black has given a notable exhibition of helplessness. It is strange to see a chess master with only two pieces developed at his disposal.

25. K takes Kt
26. R to Kt 7th (ch) K to Q sq
27. Kt to B 6th (ch) R takes Kt
28. R to Kt 8th (ch) Resigns.

We have received from Dr. Oscar Blumenthal, of Berlin, a copy of his second edition of "Chess Miniatures," which includes many additional problems, a considerable proportion being the work of English composers. There is little to add to the praises already given to this charming collection, which at once so readily invites the efforts of the solver, and so satisfies his sense of beauty when he has worked out the answers to the problems. The work can be obtained from Verlag von Vert and Co., Leipzig, or through David Nutt, Long Acre, and ought to be found in every chess library.

NOTE.

It is particularly requested that all SKETCHES and PHOTOGRAPHS sent to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, especially those from abroad, be marked on the back with the name of the sender, as well as with the title of the subject. All Sketches and Photographs used will be paid for. The Editor will be pleased to consider Column Articles on subjects of immediate interest, but he cannot assume responsibility for MSS. or Sketches submitted. MSS. of Poetry can on no account be returned.

GOYA IN SAN FERNANDO, MADRID.

The lover of pictures sets out for Madrid perhaps in a real enthusiasm for Velasquez, who has been more fortunate in his appreciators, at least in England, than almost any other painter. After traversing a land of somewhat obvious beauty at the base of the Pyrenees, one comes gradually into a landscape that has no mildness or comfort at all, that is bare and sombre, and one of the saddest and most ardent countries of the world. The hercelly tragic and magnificent sierras, tawny ruins that Nature has forgotten since the world was void, little by little hem one in; until, after crossing a limitless desert burning under a sun that is really a god, without shade or water or any sweetness of tender grass or woodland, one comes at last upon Madrid, aloft on a craggy and barren hill, swept by every wind of heaven, and helpless under the summer heat.

Something of this vastness, the limitless shadows of the mountains, the slow passing of the day in a country so profoundly under the influence of heaven, are to be found in Velasquez' work, it, indeed, for a moment the modern critic can think of anything in looking at his pictures but his unequalled painting. And, to some extent at least it is so, too, with all the more northern painters of Spain. While Murillo is chiefly a sentimental mystic, occupied, at least for the world, with religion scarcely less than the priest himself, Velasquez is concerned only with paint, his art, and mankind.

Something of his spirit, infinitely less noble, but still really passionate and full of vitality, is to be found in the most precious possessions of the Academy of San Fernando in Madrid—the paintings by Goya.

One comes upon them as upon something new and revolutionary in that quiet world of art. The classics, the great masters, have, at last, but stirred him to rebellion. Fantastical where others would have assumed the attitude of prayer, he is the one true anarchist among the great painters of the world. For him the attitude of Raphael—pre-eminently the scholar, always at attention—is impossible. For he seeks to give us reality; yes, the very truth, passing the world, humanity, his age, Nature herself, through his own temperament, and to interpret them to us as little changed as may be. An anarchist, a revolutionary, he yet lived among princes, and in his really profound hatred of any disguise life chooses to assume, that sometimes became hatred of life itself, he jeered at mankind his whole life long, and was incapable of understanding authority in anything or anyone. Yet he, too, had visions terrible and fantastical enough. Thus he permits us to see, in his "Tauromachia," the bull as master of the situation among a crowd of human beings, mean and afraid, who had come to see him slain for sport. And in one of his later drawings we see the dead man permitted for a moment to raise his gravestone and look out from that unthinkable underworld of decay and desolation, occupying this so tiny interval in scrawling "Nothingness" in the dust, to daunt, if it be possible, a dauntless world.

But here in San Fernando we see another Goya. Here is an artist as devoted as Leonardo. Has he not said that painting "consists of sacrifices"? In the "Entierro de la Sardina," in "A Bull-Fight," and in the figure of a young woman lying so delicately, so naively on a mighty couch, we find at last that great artist who fascinated the nobility of Spain, so that he painted them as he saw them, not as nobly as Velasquez, but with a certain subtle vitality that is different from anything else in painting.

"Painting consists of sacrifices"; well, he proved it so in his fantastic and unruly life. Gradually he sacrificed everything—his country, too, at last. And if indeed he believed that in Nature there was no colour, no line, but "only light and shade," he was perhaps but a pioneer in the highway of much modern French art. Inequality of a kind there is in his work—as though for a moment in some of his portraits some terrible need for haste, some inexplicable passion, had mastered him to the detriment of his work. At times he seems to have been unable to compose himself to sufficient tranquillity for the exercise of his art. But he was the last of the great artists who were always surrounded by a picturesque life. Much of the ritual of existence that was not without its effect on him, perhaps in spite of the dislike with which he seems to have regarded it, has disappeared even since his day. A subtle brevity of wit enabled him to compose his portraits, as it were, at a sitting; and so, though none of his work is very perfect, though perhaps he was really incapable of perfectness, he, has a profound strength and vitality and passion that is very splendid, that sums up with some magnificence the old art of Spain. "In Goya's grave ancient Spanish art lies buried," said Gautier.

Having forgone the consolations of the Catholic Church, at least as far as was possible in his day, his restlessness, as St. Augustine told us of himself, increased. It is in all his work. Consider that portrait in San Fernando, "La Tirana." How suddenly she has stopped to gaze at the painter, how short is the interval between one scene of stage passion and the next! The shadow on the paper in her hand will scarcely be still for the throbbing of her pulses, the excitement of the delicate nerves of the fingers. It was perhaps in a failure to understand a world that had ceased to be passionate about anything that his restlessness—his anarchy—lay. Spain was prostrate beneath the bayonets of France.

And, should he come to life again, how think you—would he laugh or weep to see his country to-day in the first clutches of modern science, that has lighted her old and filthy streets with electricity? Yes, Old Spain is passing away—she was too great to go down into the dust without a monument—she who has moulded the destiny of our world; and out of the same fierce and proud genius from which she had her greatness, Goya came, a tremendous vitality, a fantastical anarchist, full of hatred and despair. He is her monument, the latest, and it may be the truest, of all she ever had.



The advertisement features a central illustration of five women's faces, each with different hairstyles and adorned with floral garlands. In the center of the composition is a bar of soap with the words "PLANTOL SOAP" embossed on it. Above the faces, the word "GARDEN" is written in a decorative, floral font, with "SOAP" written below it. The entire scene is set against a dark, textured background.

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LADIES' PAGES.

Studio Sunday is no longer the important function it used to be, but a good many people paid a visit to the artists' quarters recently, both on the Academicians' and "outsiders'" days. It is pleasant to get a little foretaste of the spring exhibition, and a picture always seems to look out at us with a friendly face from the Academy walls when we have already made its acquaintance in the studio. One of the most popular *ateliers* is that of Mrs. Jopling, and a number of visitors passed through it during the course of the afternoon. The clever lady artist had several excellent portraits on view, and three pictures besides. She has chosen somewhat sad subjects this year, all episodes in the lives of women. "She Never Told Her Love" shows an early Victorian maiden, wrapped in a misty white gown, sitting on an old-fashioned sofa, her small face, with its delicate features and mournful expression, telling the sad story of her misplaced affection. "Vita Dolorosa" is the portrait of another type of woman—the one who has loved and lost. She is a pathetic figure in her widow's dress and white, almost child-like face. The third picture deals with a sorrow which is not of the affections, but comes from the hard conditions of life—the sketch of a workgirl suddenly aroused from her all-night labours by the sound of the voice of the birds singing their morning song. This is called "The Lark at Heaven's Gate Sings," and the expression in the face of the listening girl is very good. The picture suggests the idea which Thomas Hood embodied long ago in "The Song of the Shirt," a poem which undoubtedly had its share in the increased attention given to the conditions of woman's work.

An interesting collection of book-plates is now on view at Mr. John Baillie's Gallery in Prince's Terrace, the work of Mr. Gordon Craig forming an especially attractive feature. The young artist not only draws his designs, but engraves them besides. Miss Ellen Terry evidently has her caprices in book-plates as well as in other things; for no less than six figure under her name in this collection, where most people content themselves with one. A pretty design is like an old-fashioned bouquet, done up in lace paper, with her initials underneath. Another consists of a bunch of grapes and a vine-leaf, while an uncommon and practical design belongs to the Winchelsea cottage, and shows a little map of the village with a compass on one side, with the point indicating the direction of Miss Terry's abode. This is a most amusing idea, and one would think that even the most inveterate book-borrower could not find an excuse for neglecting to return a volume when the way to its home was so



A SMART SPRING COAT.

plainly marked inside. Mrs. Brown-Potter has a fan on her book-plate, and Madame Sarah Grand a little shrub trained into a garland growing out of a flower-pot. The great collector, Karl Emal Graf zu Leiningen Westerburg, who is said to have twelve hundred book-plates in his house at Munich, exhibits one of his own designs—a knight in armour, with the Graf's own crest cleverly introduced on the helmet. Viscount Wolseley's consists of his coat-of-arms, and is exhibited by the artist, his daughter, the Hon. Frances; while Miss Pamela Colman Smith shows an exquisite little design of the back of the Lyceum stage, with Irving as Dubosq in the distance and a girl waiting in the wings to go on. Mr. Jack Yeats, the brother of the Irish poet, has some amusing sketches of the old-fashioned pirate for whom he seems to have such an especial affection. His own plate shows a pirate absorbed in reading a book while a ship is exploding in his immediate vicinity.

The increasing interest taken by women in gymnastics is one of the most hopeful signs of the times, and there will be fewer "professional invalids" in the future now that young girls are encouraged to take part in so many healthful exercises. It is a fact that there are certain muscles in the arms and shoulders that most women never use at all, except when they are hanging up a dress. How good it is for them to go to gymnasia which are well supplied with apparatus, such as ladders and ropes for climbing! An entertainment recently given at Stempel's Gymnasium in Albany Street was a delightful thing to be present at; it was so charming to watch the evolutions performed, separately or in common, by graceful girls, and to see their delight in their work. This ladies' class is under the superintendence of Mr. Stempel's daughter, Daisy, a most excellent teacher and gymnast, though she has not quite reached the age when gymnasts are said to be at their best—namely, twenty-five. The young girl has been practising exercises from childhood, and it is a pleasure to watch every movement of her well-trained figure, and to hear her give her commands in her fresh and clear-ringing voice. Miss Stempel has already won challenge-shields for the training of gymnastic classes, and she is now preparing a squad of picked pupils for the forthcoming annual competition, which takes place in Exeter Hall on April 18. Many of the exercises which were shown at the entertainment are the same that are to be performed at the contest, and the audience was greatly charmed at the evolutions with the bar-bells, in which some dancing steps were introduced. Frequent applause greeted the jumpers, some of whom (with the aid of a somewhat high springboard, be it acknowledged) cleared the height of six feet. The climbing of the rope from the lower gymnasium to the roof was also executed with excellence, and seemed to be the cause of much enjoyment to the girls who went up. I doubt if such pretty exercises were ever gone through before

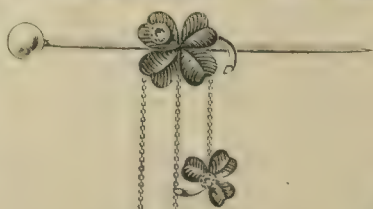
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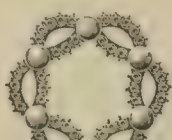
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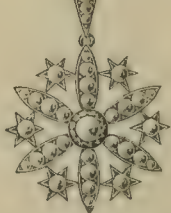
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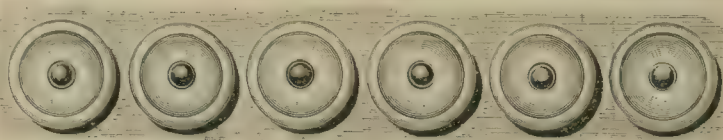
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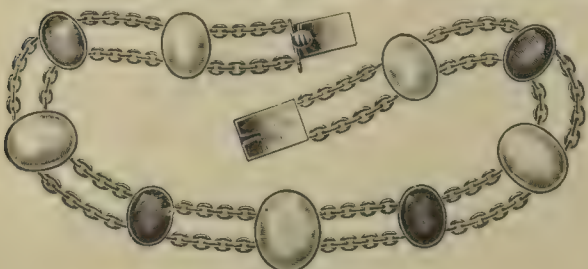
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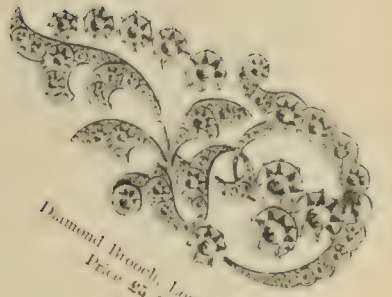
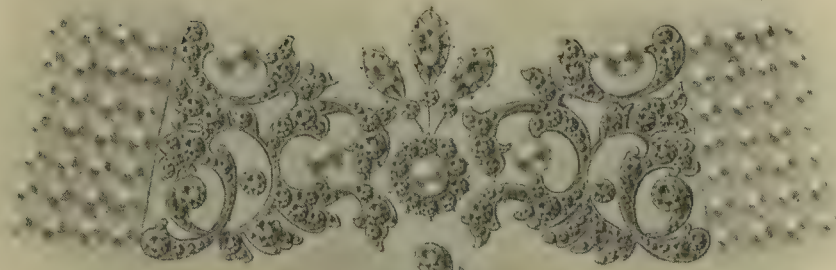
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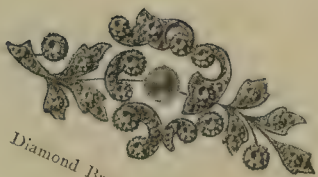


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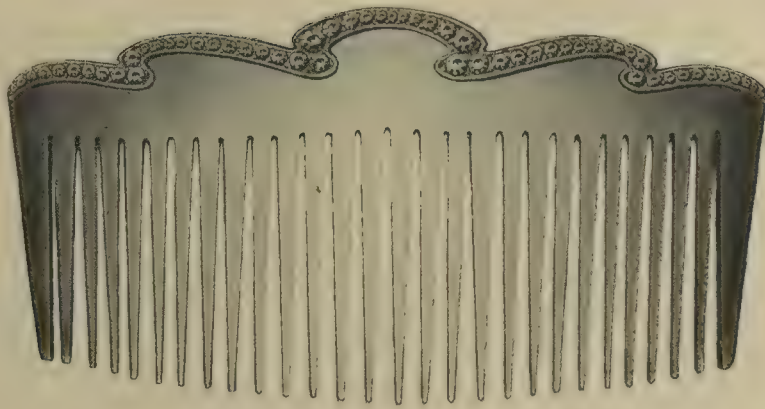


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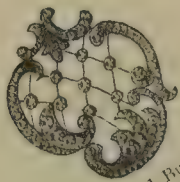
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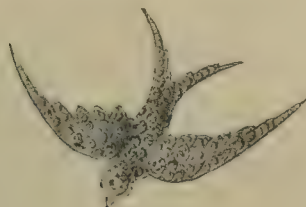
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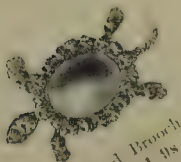
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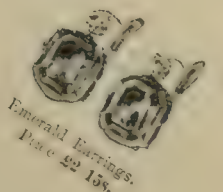
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ladies turned their attention to gymnastics. I fancy that the feminine instructors invent some of these charming movements themselves.

Cloth dresses and coats in pale colourings will be particularly popular this spring, such as biscuit, almond, and light blue, or a grey tinged with either blue or green. Bright colours will be worn as long as the weather is at all cold, and a red or a blue gown is often very welcome in a crowd. Royal blue looks well when it is relieved with a muff and stole of white fur, and a bright scarlet dress trimmed with graduated lines of black velvet all the way down from throat to hem in horizontal lines and worn in company with a scarlet tulle toque was decidedly effective. Gloves in grey-blue and grey-green are being especially made to wear with the light costumes already mentioned, and very smart ladies have them dyed to match their dress. Mousquetaire gloves, chiefly white, have returned to fashion this year.

The dresses worn in Mrs. Madeline Lucette Ryley's new play furnish many fresh ideas, especially those gowns which are shown off on the fine figure of Miss Ellis Jeffreys. She wears one particularly pretty toilette carried out in golden-brown mousseline-de-soie over a foundation of silk to match. The skirt is edged with six tiny frills, each bordered with velvet, and headed by a six-inch band of the silk simply stitched on to the material at either side. The costume is completed by a fichu, which is cut in one with the bodice, and it is worn above a white chemisette studded with tiny bows of black velvet ribbon, with a little paste buckle in the centre of each. The sleeves are set in frills at the elbow; the lower part is tight-fitting to the wrist. A bridesmaid's dress composed of Irish lace will doubtless be copied at many a wedding—these lace dresses are going to be so fashionable; and there will be many opportunities of wearing them when the "happy day" is over. The dinner-gown is a pretty combination of colour—mauve satin trimmed with pink roses. Silver bows with the inevitable tassels appear on this toilette, and there is a silver ribbon bow at the waist. Miss Lilian Braithwaite wears a very pretty dress, which might also be copied for a bridesmaid's gown. It is a simple white muslin, confined at the waist by a pale-blue sash with very long ends, accompanied by a blue straw hat trimmed with a garland of pink roses. If this dress were to be utilised for the purpose I have suggested, it might be finished off with a round bouquet of pink roses tied with blue tulle or satin streamers, or else with a white crook similarly trimmed.

Blouses are still popular for morning wear, but they require to be smart in cut and garnished with a quantity of hand work. Linon-de-soie, or, as it is sometimes called, Crystalline, is a favourite material, and it is usually made up with a good deal of gauging and



A NOVEL TAILOR-MADE GOWN.

elaborate trimming. Pale blue, green, and rose seem to be the favourite colours for blouses of this description, and they are often finished most effectively by a touch of black. Bird's-eye foulard is most suitable for morning wear, a pretty model being in white figured with black pin-spots, finished off with a smart necktie of royal-blue glacé. These bright silk neckties are a wonderful improvement to a neutral-tinted blouse. One of the simplest yet most popular designs consists of a pleated band round the throat with a fan of the material pendent in the front. Perhaps the prettiest blouses of all are made in the new bordered delaines, the fancy edging being cut away from the material, and stitched on wherever it is thought desirable. The colours are very conveniently contrived; for instance, if the material consists of a white ground covered with blue spots, the border will have a white pattern on a blue ground. In making up the garment, a band of the edging will be placed down the front of the blouse between box-pleats, a similar strip running down the back of each sleeve from neck to wrist, this giving the long, sloping-shoulder effect so much desired at present.

As regards tea-gowns, there is rather a fancy for grey just now. Certainly there is nothing prettier for home wear than this puritan colour, besides which it has the advantage of harmonising well with practically every other shade imaginable. Any kind of crêpe looks well in silver-grey, and it can be trimmed with a dash of bright colour to prevent its looking *fade*. A pretty model in crêpe-de-Chine was accordion-pleated throughout, finished off with a great turned-down collar and an Empire sash tied above the waist-line, with some tassels of orange silk mingling with the loops. Another grey gown was made up in a soft woollen material worked with spots of white silk. It was smocked on the bust, and from thence fell quite loosely to the feet. The neck was cut down in a small V-shape, and edged with a fichu of white net, bordered by a deep fall of lace, the line of juncture being concealed by a very narrow band of chinchilla. The sleeve was a full bishop shape, drawn in at the wrist by means of the smocking, the cuff being formed of net slightly folded, edged with a band of fur, and a flounce of lace falling well over the hand. A rose-pink chou placed on the bust gave a charming finish to this fascinating garment.

Our Illustrations this week show a tailor-made "trotteur" gown, provided with the inevitable pelerine, which is strapped with cloth and trimmed with velvet; and a spring coat made in light cloth, and trimmed with embroidery on the cape and cuffs and down the front.

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A glance at the specimen questions will show that "The Times" competition is a real amusement as well as a real exercise for the mind. Every competitor receives printed questions, and is asked to prepare answers in writing at his own home and without being hurried.

There is no entrance fee to pay, and any reader of this paper who desires to enter the competition can easily arrange to do so. The only restriction that "The Times" is compelled to call to the attention of those who read the advertisement is that no verbal information regarding the competition can be given to those who call in person at the office of "The Times"; neither will any copies of the descriptive pamphlet nor of the questions be given to such applicants.

"The Times" is quite willing to go to the expense of sending copies of this pamphlet to everyone who is interested by the announcement of the competition; but the obstruction of ordinary business caused by a great number of persons visiting for this purpose the office of "The Times" must be avoided. Anyone who does not wish to cut this copy of "The Illustrated London News" may write the words of the Inquiry Form upon a post-card and address it to "The Times," Publication Department; but it is worse than useless to paste the Inquiry Form upon a postcard, for in that case excess postage is charged.

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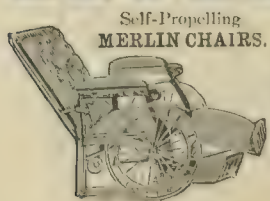
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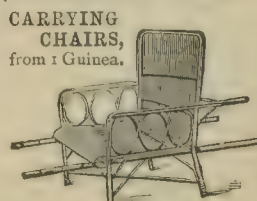
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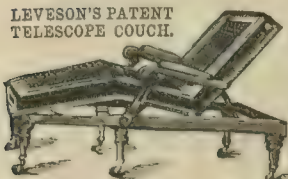


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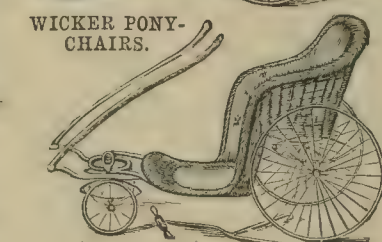
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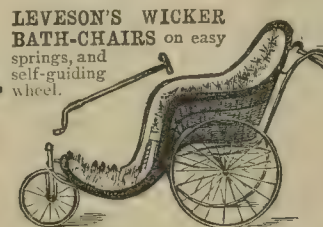
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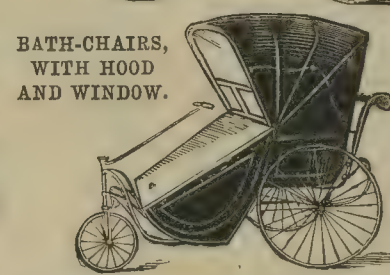
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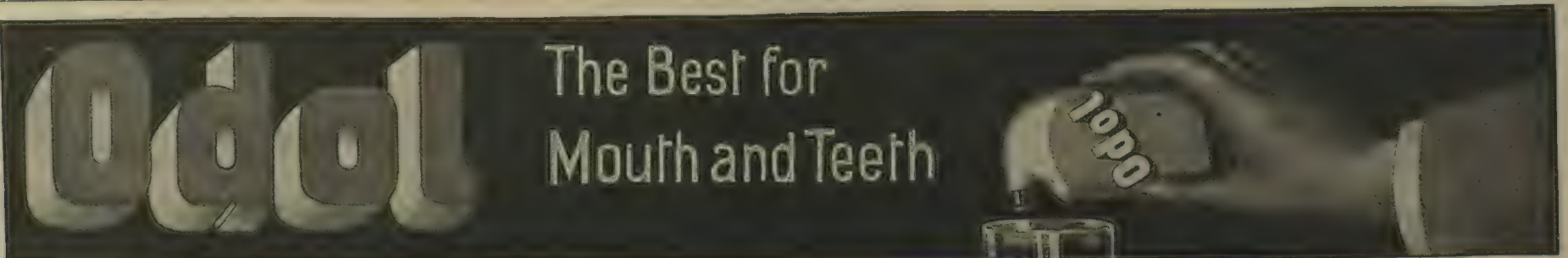
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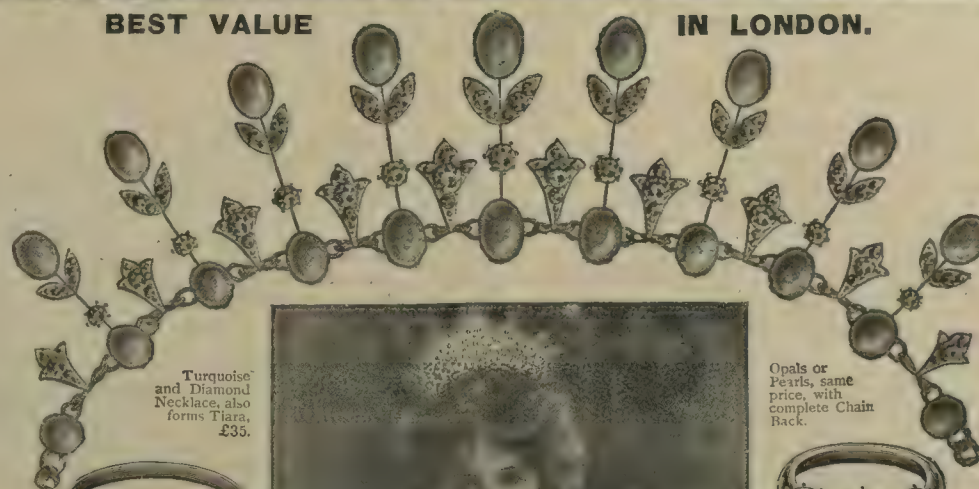
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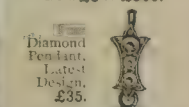


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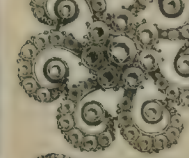
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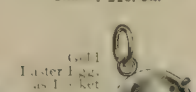
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ART NOTES.

Of the two new rules that are to come into operation at the Royal Academy next year, that which limits the sendings of outsiders to two pictures is much the more important. That is, for every R.A. or A.R.A. who presented his eight, there were three or four outsiders who exhibited their three or more. The self-denial of the Academic body leaves all but a few untouched, and those few are of real eminence. We shall be the poorer when they are limited to their six pictures, Mr. Sargent and Mr. Swan being amongst those who have given us the benefit of eight. Mainly, of course, the difference will be in the department of the selecting committee, not in that of the hangers. By far the greater number of outside exhibitors have only one picture apiece accepted; but of the number respectively offered we know nothing. It is of the quality that we hear strange things. "Some of them," said the late Sir John Millais, after he had been "selecting," "are painted not with a palette-knife, but with a fork."

The spring exhibition at the galleries of Messrs. Tooth, in the Haymarket, boasts a number of pictures of the first order and of the greatest beauty, relieved by the interposition of works by more than one "popular favourite." There is, in particular, a popular favourite for whose sake many a visit is paid to the Academy every season—a landscape-painter who has aroused one knows not what public enthusiasm. His pictures are placed here next to those of Corot and of M. Harpignies, and it would be impossible to imagine a greater contrast in the range of painting. If M. Harpignies were an exhibitor at the Academy, or if le pere Corot, returned to the earth he painted so divinely, were to send a little thing to Burlington

House, no pilgrimages would be made from the country to see the landscapes of either. Thus there is something for all tastes at Messrs. Tooth's. Besides the examples of Corot, in several periods—one being so early a morning scene that night is still in the woods and day breaking in the sky—we have the welcome opportunity of admiring "Le Passeur," an admirable example of M. Léon L'Hermitte; "Environs de Barbizon," a splendid little Diaz; a very important Schreyer; and two startlingly fine examples of that extraordinary painter, Roybet. These are portraits of the same model, painted with the power and life and the intensity of modelling, expression, and colour which made the appearance of Roybet one of the principal events of the last years of the Second Empire. Another painter of that date, P. Billet, is represented here by a beautiful group. Among painters of to-day is Mr. Fritz Thaulow, whose fine and glowing snow-piece, "Winter in Norway," is in this exhibition.

At the Ryder Gallery, Ryder Street, Mr. Alexander Maclean exhibits "Paintings and Studies of Land and Sea." He is a painter with a commendable taste for tone. He seeks the fresh, the atmospheric, and the finely valued effect in landscape; so, it is true, do many of the younger painters. But Mr. Maclean distinguishes himself by an achievement of beauty, sometimes in a minor degree; and beauty in any degree is more than welcome. The middle green of "A Bend in the River," where a fine surface-light lies on the grass of a meadow, and the tone of "Margate Harbour, Night," of "The Promise of Spring," and of "Morning Mist, Hastings" (to take widely varying examples), show a love of nature and a pictorial purpose.

At the Gallery, Prince's Terrace, Bayswater, the most western of West-End art enterprises, are exhibited

the drawings and paintings of Mr. James J. Guthrie, who is an artist possessed of a great facility in adapting, without entire loss of realism, natural forms to the requirements of decorative schemes. Modern decorative work makes an entirely different call upon the models it finds in nature from that of the conventions of a few years ago. The new school varies, inasmuch as it is more natural, and therefore more fresh and vigorous. Among the most notable drawings in pen and ink, with the complement of Chinese white, are those entitled "The Heart of Spring" and "Noon." At the same gallery is a small collection of the Bookplate Society's productions. Some of these appear too trivial to be designed for a library that boasts volumes much other than those of light fiction.

The North London Railway announce trains to run every fifteen minutes to Chalk Farm for Primrose Hill, Regent's Park, and the Botanic and Zoological Gardens; to Hackney, for Chingford. Every half-hour to Kew Bridge (for Kew Gardens), South Kensington (for the Imperial Institute, and South Kensington and Natural History Museums); and every hour to and from Richmond for Teddington (Bushey Park) and Hampton Court. Cheap through tickets will be issued to Staines, Windsor, Maidenhead, and Henley.

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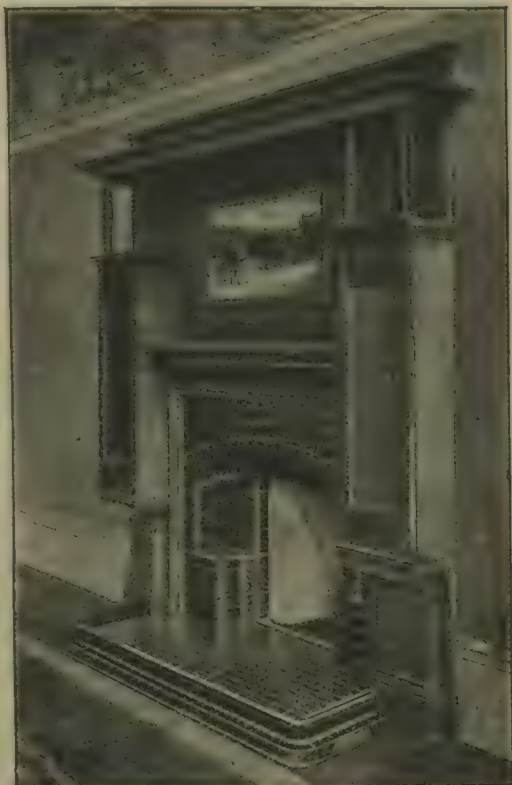
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Sept. 12, 1896) of Mr. Ernest Hague, of Castle Dyke, Sheffield, chairman of the Netherseal Colliery, Leicester, and the Midland Iron Company, Rotherham, who died on Dec. 9, has been proved by Denys Hague, the brother, and James Nelson junior, the executors, the value of the estate being £176,317. The testator bequeaths £500 and the household effects to his wife, Mrs. Mary Sarah Hague; £100 each to his executors; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves, on trust, for his wife for life or widowhood, and then for his children.

The will (dated March 8, 1895), with a codicil (dated Nov. 25, 1902), of Mr. James Henry Tschudi Broadwood, of Lyne House, Capel, Surrey, who died on Jan. 22, was proved on March 25 by his cousins Harry William Lyall and Laurence Travell Whalley, two of the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £92,689. The testator appoints the funds of his marriage settlement to his daughters Joan and Aubrey, and he gives £10,000 and one half of his late wife's jewellery each to them on their attaining twenty-one years of age or marrying; and £200 each to his executors. The residue of his property, including his shares in Thomas Broadwood and Sons, Ltd., he leaves, in trust, for his son Evelyn Henry Tschudi Broadwood.

The will (dated April 4, 1895) of Mr. Joshua Milne Cheetham, J.P., of Eyford Park, Gloucester, formerly

M.P. for Oldham, who died on Nov. 27, was proved on March 30 by James Crompton Cheetham, Joshua Milne Crompton Cheetham, and John Crompton Cheetham, the sons, three of the surviving executors, the value of the estate amounting to £84,441. The testator bequeaths £2000, an annuity of £1000, and such part of the household furniture she may select to his wife, Mrs. Sarah Cheetham; and £8000 each in trust for his daughters. The residue of his property he leaves to his sons in equal shares.

The will (dated Oct. 31, 1899), with two codicils (dated July 27, 1900, and July 25, 1901), of Mr. Frederic Yeats Edwards, of 29, Hampstead Hill Gardens, who died on Feb. 14, was proved on March 31 by Robert Clarke Edwards, the brother, Donald McMillan, and Robert Cromwell Edwards, the son, the value of the estate being £59,777. The testator bequeaths annuities of £100 to his son Henry Yeats; and of £50 to his son Bernard Laurence; and £100, the household furniture, and, during her widowhood, the income from the residue of his property to his wife, Mrs. Frances Sophia Edwards. Subject thereto, he leaves his estate and effects to his children except his sons Henry Yeats and Bernard Laurence.

The will (dated Dec. 23, 1902) of Colonel Edward Arthur Johnson, V.D., J.P., of the Manor House, Hooton Roberts, near Rotherham, who died on Jan. 7, has been proved by Frank Johnson and George Herbert Johnson, the brothers, the value of the estate being

£26,315. The testator leaves all his property to his children, Edward Douglas Blake Johnson and Doris Hoyt Johnson.

The will (dated Feb. 13, 1901) of Lord Edward William John Manners, of 3, Cambridge Gate, Regent's Park, who died on Feb. 26, second son of the Duke of Rutland, was proved on March 26 by Lord Cecil Reginald John Manners, M.P., the brother, the acting executor, the value of the estate amounting to £15,034. The testator bequeaths £1000 each to his brothers Cecil Reginald John and Robert William Orlando; £1000 to his sister Elisabeth Emily; and £100 to his godson, Lancelot Griffin, second son of Sir Lepel Griffin. The residue of his property he leaves to his sister Victoria Alexandrina.

It is a gratifying instance of the revival in industrial investments that the new issues of Waring and Gillow, Limited, have been applied for several times over.

The Stage Society are making arrangements for the production in April of "The Good Hope," a translation by Messrs. Christopher St. John and J. T. Grein of the Dutch "Hoot van Zegen," by Heijerman.

A grand testimonial matinee performance has been arranged at the Alhambra Theatre in honour of Mr. C. Dundas Slater on his retirement from the general management. The date fixed is Tuesday, May 12, and the doors will open at two o'clock.

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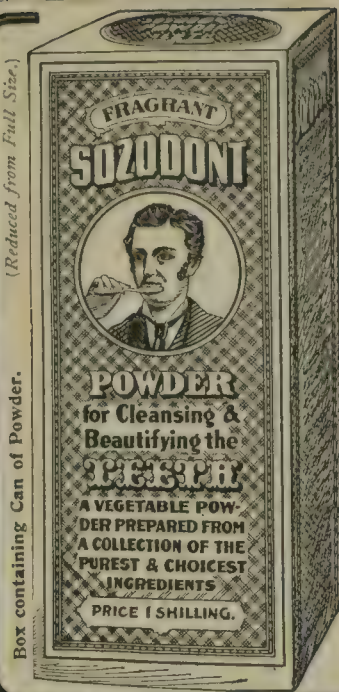
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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has promised to preside at the annual meeting of the S.P.G. at St. James's Hall, on April 30. Other speakers will be the Archbishop of Cape Town and the Bishop of Adelaide. Dr. Gore is to preside at a second meeting in the evening of the same day. The Archbishop of Canterbury has always taken a lively personal interest in the work of the venerable society, and has written to Bishop Montgomery, the secretary, that he hopes to be able to attend its meetings frequently.

The Bishop of Keewatin has been speaking at several drawing-room meetings in West London in aid of his diocese in North-West Canada. The Rev. F. S. Webster presided at one interesting gathering in Portland Place.

The Bishop's address was crowded with curious facts and figures, and he told a most cheering story with regard to the progress of Christianity among the tribes of the far North-West.

Bishop Ryle preached his farewell sermon in Exeter Cathedral on the last Monday in March. The service was attended by about one hundred and fifty clergy from all parts of the diocese, and by a large gathering of the general public. The Bishop remarked that his tenure of the see had been so short that a few years would efface its recollection in the land; but it had been part of the great movement of the spiritual life. There had not been stagnation, and there had been no bitterness, and that was cause enough for thankfulness. He came as a stranger to Devon, and left it with the feeling that they had made him part of

themselves. Touching on the recent ritual disputes, the Bishop said he adhered to his former statement that the great mass of his clergy were genuinely and nobly loyal.

Much interest is felt amongst London Congregationalists in the future of Whitefield's Tabernacle, Tottenham Court Road, where the Rev. C. Silvester Horne is to start an important mission. Mr. Horne has been for the past thirteen years minister of Allen Street Church, Kensington, and his congregations were never larger than at the present time. He has long wished, however, to devote himself to the welfare of the working classes, and he believes that in the Tottenham Court Road district he will have unrivalled opportunities for social service. Mr. Horne will remain at Kensington until the end of June.



The Masai warrior carrying his grease pot slung from the lobe of his right ear. The pot in this case was a HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT jar, and the lobe of the ear had been stretched to get round the pot.

Mr. Chamberlain and the Masai Warriors.

REMARKABLE INCIDENT.

On the occasion of Mr. Chamberlain's recent visit to Mombasa, East Africa, a torchlight war-dance by the picturesque Masai warriors was given in his honour. In this connection a striking incident, as showing the world-wide use of Holloway's famous remedies, is illustrated by the accompanying photograph, taken on the spot by a correspondent of *The Sphere*. Indeed,

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

are used wherever the white man has set his foot.

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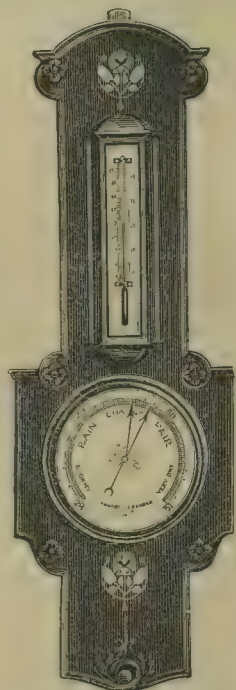
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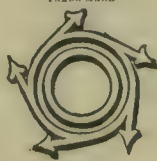
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It is pleasant to the taste and warranted free
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Sold by all Chemists and Stores throughout the
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BEWARE of worthless imitations
and substitutes.

Is warranted to
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FROM WHATEVER
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A Laxative and Refreshing Fruit Lozenge,
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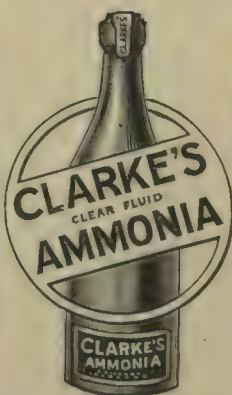
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"Shamrock III." began her preliminary trials on March 31, when she sailed from Gouyock to Rotheray Bay and back against her predecessor, "Shamrock I." In the water the vessels presented a wonderful similarity, and only the expert eye could distinguish them. Light-weather sailing marked the trials throughout, and in this the new boat showed a clear superiority.



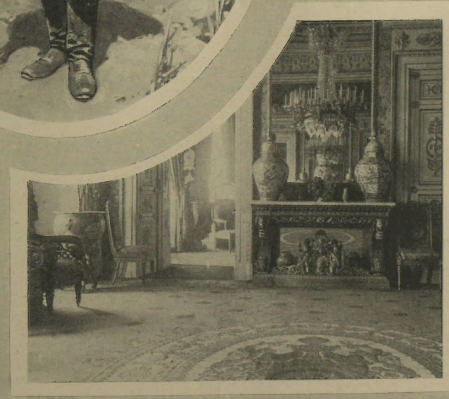
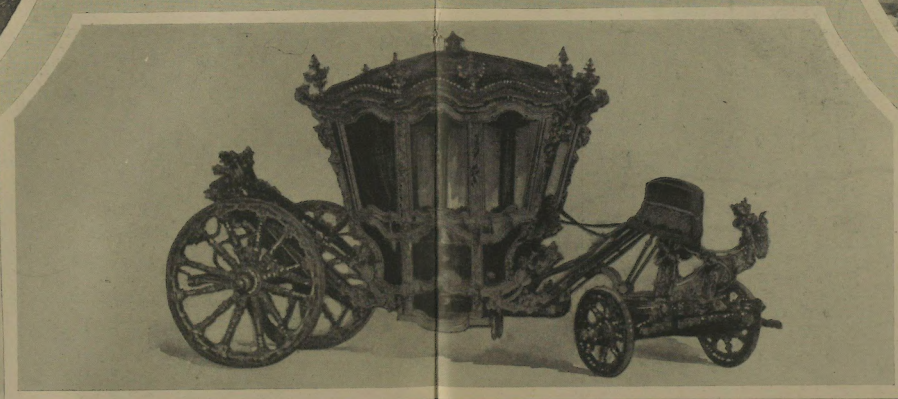
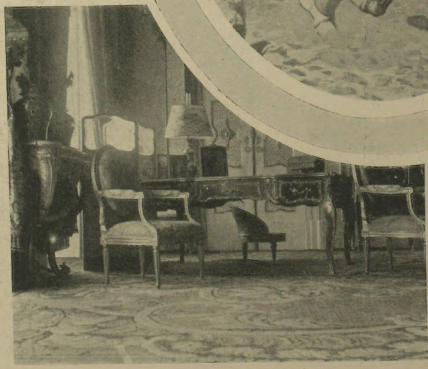
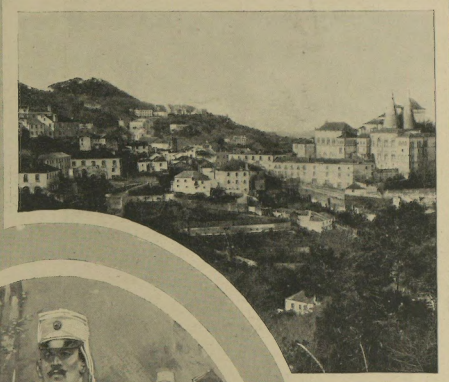
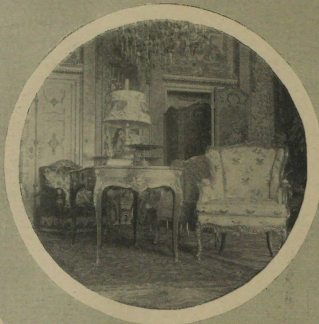
THE NINTH ANNUAL BAR POINT-TO-POINT STEEPLCHASE AT SLYFIELD, APRIL 3: LEGAL SPORTSMEN IN THE FIELD.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT SLYFIELD.

The Bar Heavyweight Race was won by Mr. W. F. Philpotts' Cromadoo, ridden by his owner. Nine ran. Of the Bar Lightweight Race the winner was Mr. H. G. Farrant's Red Hall, ridden by his owner. Seven ran. The honours of the day, the Inns of Court Open Race for the Lockwood Challenge Cup, fell to Mr. Yerburgh's Briar, after an exciting tussle with Mr. Wyld's Rushmore II.

THE VISIT OF KING EDWARD VII TO LISBON, APRIL 2-7: PORTUGUESE PICTURES, ROYAL, MILITARY, AND CEREMONIAL.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE ROYAL PALACE TAKEN, BY THE GRACIOUS PERMISSION OF HIS MAJESTY DOM CARLOS, BY ALLAN STEWART, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT LISBON.



THE BULL-RING AT LISBON.

KING EDWARD'S APARTMENTS IN THE NECESSIDADES PALACE, LISBON: HIS MAJESTY'S SITTING-ROOM.

KING EDWARD'S APARTMENTS IN THE NECESSIDADES PALACE: HIS MAJESTY'S BED-ROOM.

KING EDWARD'S VISIT TO CINTRA, APRIL 3: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE TOWN.

A PORTUGUESE ARMY TYPE: A LANCER PATROL, IN MARCHING ORDER, RECONNOITRING.—(Drawn by H. W. Kieckhefer.)

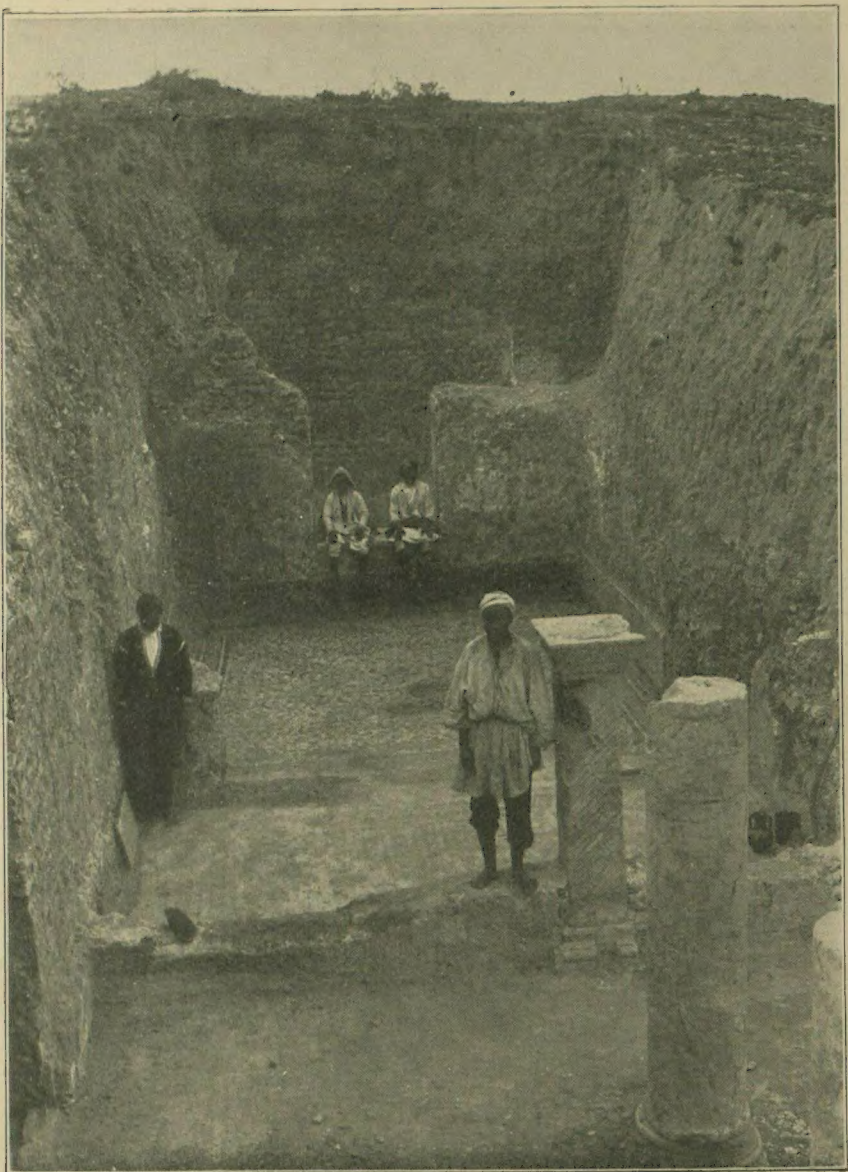
THE KING OF PORTUGAL AS CHIEF OF THE 1st OXFORDSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY.—(Photo, Graham.)

A PORTUGUESE ARMY TYPE: AN INFANTRY PICKET IN FIELD SERVICE ORDER.—(Drawn by H. W. Kieckhefer.)

KING EDWARD'S APARTMENTS IN THE NECESSIDADES PALACE: HIS MAJESTY'S WRITING-TABLE IN THE SITTING-ROOM.

THE CARRIAGE USED BY KING EDWARD ON HIS RECEPTION AT LISBON: THE ANCIENT STATE COACH OF DOM JOÃO, BUILT IN 1705.

KING EDWARD'S APARTMENTS IN THE NECESSIDADES PALACE: THE ROYAL RECEPTION-ROOM.



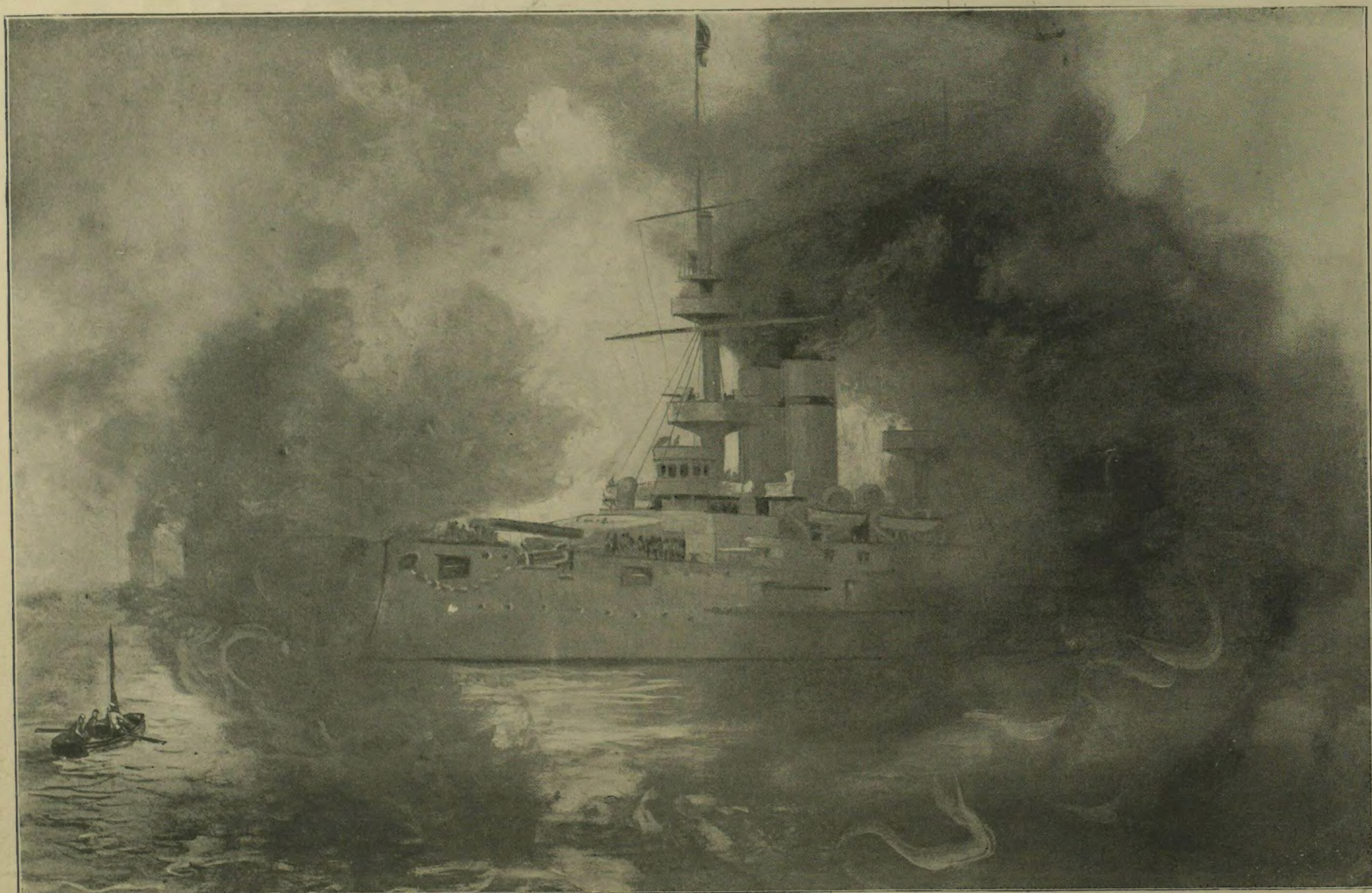
ONE OF THE HALLS OF THE ANCIENT ROMAN PALACE.



MOSAIC IN THE COURTYARD WITH AN APERTURE WHERE A TREE HAD GROWN.

ROMAN ANTIQUITIES PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN OF PORTUGAL: REMAINS OF A ROMAN PALACE RECENTLY DISCOVERED AT CARTHAGE.

As a result of the Queen of Portugal's recent visit to Carthage, Baron d'Anthouard has presented to her Majesty the remains of the Roman palace recently discovered on the site of Dido's city. The most remarkable relic is a mosaic pavement on which appear figures of peacocks, golden pheasants, flamingoes, swans, ducks, partridges, barn-door fowls, gazelles, lizards, and other creatures. The drawings of birds and animals are interwoven with designs of fruit and flowers. The palace is believed to date from the first century A.D.



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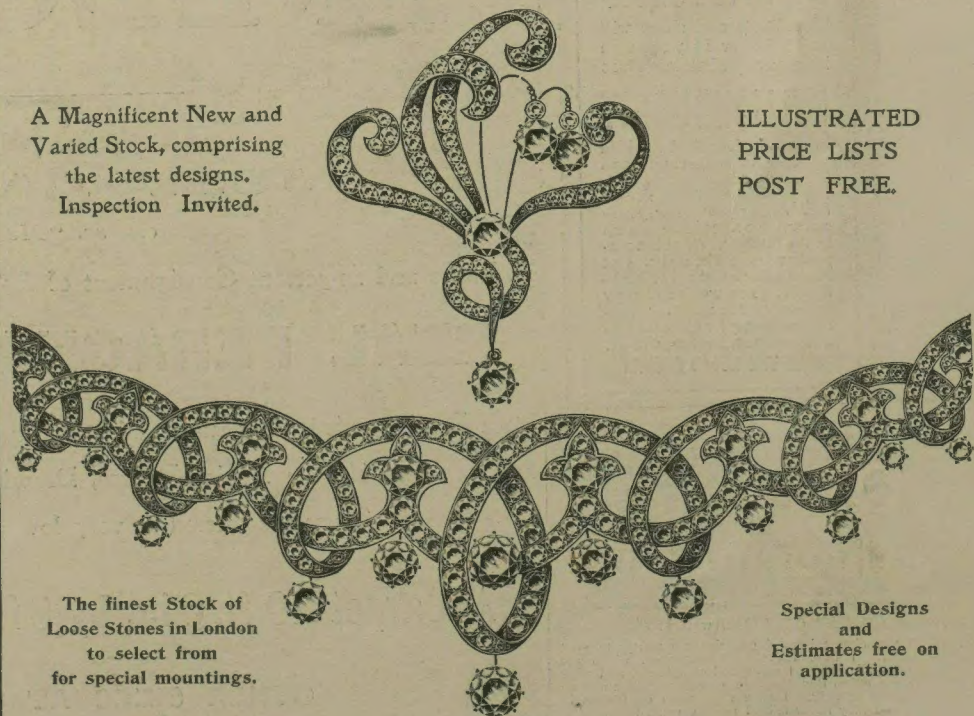
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